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ROME AND BERLIN.

NOTES OF A TRAVELLER *on the Social and Political state of France, Prussia, Switzerland, Italy, and other parts of Europe, during the present century.* By Samuel Laing, Esq., Author of "A Journal of a Residence in Norway," and of "A Tour in Sweden." From the second London edition. Philadelphia: Carey & Hart, 1846. 1 vol. 8vo. pp. 451.

ROME and Berlin! How deeply interesting, and yet how widely different, the trains of ideas connected with the names of these two great European capitals!

Rome takes us back, through the eventful agitations of the middle ages, to the period when the church was shrouded in the darkness of the catacombs, and Christians were cast to the lions, amidst demoniac shouts of an infuriate mob, in the Flavian amphitheatre; and farther back still, to the time when the blessed apostles Peter and Paul first announced the glad tidings of salvation, amidst gaudy magnificence and marble palaces, to those proud men who were the ancient masters of the world. She tells of the sufferings she has endured, of the storms she has weathered, of the victories she has won, of the deadly opposition she has encountered from the world, from the flesh, and from the devil, throughout the long and eventful ages of her history, and of her glorious triumphs over difficulties and dangers which would have annihilated any merely human institution, unprotected by a special providence of God. After having survived so many perils and won so many laurels in her protracted conflict with the powers of the earth, she still stands forth proudly erect, the queenly metropolis of the Christian world, the "eternal city," as immoveable as the seven hills upon which she is seated—the fit type of a religion which is alone unchangeable in the midst of change. Her history is the history of the Christian world; blot her out from the historic page, and all is left in darkness and chaos; and history itself becomes an enigma, a labyrinth. It would be like blotting out the sun from the heavens, and leaving mankind to grope their way in utter darkness.

The historic associations connected with

Berlin are much more recent and much less rich and varied; still they are not wholly devoid of interest for the philosophic inquirer. In a religious point of view, that to which we propose at present chiefly to direct our attention—her history bears almost the same relation to that of Rome, as the history of Protestantism does to that of Catholicity. The Prussian kingdom may be said, in fact, to owe its origin to that great moral and religious revolution of the sixteenth century, called, by courtesy, the reformation. The apostasy of Albert, general of the Teutonic order in Germany, laid the foundation of the secular margraveship of Brandenburg, which, stationary in extent and power for nearly two centuries, at length, by successive encroachments and brilliant military conquests, swelled into the present kingdom of Prussia, with Berlin as its capital. The history of Prussia is thus, to a great extent, identified with that of German Protestantism. Like Protestantism, it is but of yesterday, and has no ancient history nor venerable reminiscences; like Protestantism it owed its origin to apostasy and treachery, and its subsequent extension and prosperity, to violence and the strong arm of military power; and like Protestantism, it is now made up of "shreds and patches" of different colors and figures, bearing like resemblance or assimilation to one another, and fitted together into a whole, without either aptitude in the parts, or taste in the arrangement. In the forcible language of Mr. Laing:

"The history of the Prussians as a nation is but of yesterday, and is not properly their history, but that of the sovereigns of a small part of the present Prussia—of Brandenburg—who, beginning the world about a century ago with a margraveship of about one and a half million of subjects, have, by good luck and military talent, gathered together a kingdom of shreds and patches of other countries, containing about fourteen millions of people. These have no national history of ancient times common to all, or to a majority of Prussians, and connecting the present with the past by feelings of veneration and hereditary attachment. Prussia has, in ordinary parlance, only a geographical or political meaning denoting the Prussian government, or the provinces it governs—not a moral or social meaning. The Prussian nation is a combination of words rarely heard, of ideas never made, the population not being morally united by any common sentiment or spirit of nationality distinguishing them in character, mind, or habits from the other German populations around them, the Austrian, Bavarian, Saxon, or Hanoverian."*

Thus Rome and Berlin, considered as Christian capitals, may be said to be fitting types and suitable representatives of two great antagonistic principles which have been for three centuries contending for the mastery in the religious world—the Catholic and the Protestant. The former is of all ages and of all nations, or rather, it is of no particular age and of no single nation; it knows no periodic cycle in time, nor geographical boundary in space; the whole earth is its inheritance, and all time is given to it to run its career of truth and mercy; the latter is, by its very nature, as well as by the facts of its history, as local in space as it is of limited duration in time; it has precisely the traits common to all other merely human things, it knows time and change; it is of the earth, earthly; it is a kingdom in the world, and of the world; in a word, it catches the hue of those earthly feelings and political combinations with which it is brought in contact, and changes with times, places, and circumstances. The whole history of Protestantism confirms this view, as clearly as the entire history of Catholicity establishes its fixed permanency and unearthly oneness, in the midst of change and division.

Hence it is, that, whilst Catholicity has but one capital and one centre, which has been ever the same in position and authority, Protestantism has many, and these perpetually varying both in locality and in influence. Geneva was once the recognised centre of a numerous and in-

* Notes of a Traveller, pp. 108-9.

fluential fragment of the Protestant body; but Geneva has long since fallen from her high estate, and her prerogative has departed for ever. The very pulpit of John Calvin now fearlessly, and in the open light of day, sends forth doctrines for the uttering of which Calvin sent Servetus to the stake; and Geneva has actually become the organ of Voltaire, Rousseau, and Gibbon, much more than of that stern and morose sect, which has ever been the most distinguished for its almost fiendish hatred of the ancient religion of the saints and martyrs. Servetus has at length been avenged on Calvin in his own cherished city, and the disciple of Socinus, if not the philosopher of Ferney, now sits in the chair of the Genevan theocrat. What a falling off! If you wish to find the capital of modern Calvinism you must go to Edinburg, in the old, or to Philadelphia or New York, in the new world; and even there you will find the centre of only one or another among the many divisions into which this ambitious sect has been torn by the wrangling spirit of its ministers and members.

London and New York may, perhaps, be set down as the head-quarters of those numerous and jarring modern Protestant sects, who complacently give to themselves the title of Evangelical—just as the first reformers complimented themselves by assuming the name of Gospellers. But the selection of these two centres seems to have been the result merely of that fortuitous combination of circumstances which made them the great commercial emporia of the old and new world; it was certainly not based on any historical fact or time-honored association of Christian history. They were chosen because they were easiest of access, and were deemed the most suitable head-quarters of all those various and high-sounding associations for religious purposes, with which Protestantism has thought proper to cumber its operations in modern times; not, assuredly, because any one seriously believed that they would become effective centres of Christian unity. The results of the numerous religious anniversaries, held during every successive spring in New York, and that of the famous grand convention of evangelical Protestants, lately held in London, would suffice to dissipate this idea, if it had ever entered into the head of any sensible man. Protestantism is merely human, and, therefore, destined to be buffeted to and fro, to the end of time, on the stormy sea of human opinions and passions. Its nature, and its whole history, clearly establish this fact.

But there is yet another Protestant centre, more important in its influence—at least much more effective in its method of wielding that influence—than any which we have hitherto named. Besides a vast moral influence over the whole Protestant body, especially in Europe, and more particularly in Germany, the cabinet of Berlin assumes to itself the entire regulation of religious affairs, even to the remotest details, among those eight millions of Prussians who are reckoned as Protestants. Berlin is as much the seat of a papacy as Rome itself, and the king of Prussia takes to himself more power over the consciences of his subjects than the pope of Rome is charged with having ever done, even by the worst enemies of the Catholic church. Be not startled, gentle reader; it is even so. The Prussian king is supreme, both in church and state; he claims as strong a jurisdiction over the minds and consciences of his subjects, as he does over their bodies and their external acts as citizens; he defines what doctrines are to be believed, what moral lessons to be given from the pulpit, what texts even the ministers are to preach from, what form of worship they are to adopt, what hymns they are to sing; in a word, he claims full and entire dominion over the spiritual concerns and the souls of his Protestant subjects. And in doing all this he has but carried out that great principle of a union of church and state; or rather of a complete subserviency of the former to the latter—which all the other Protestant

potentates of Europe have for three centuries practically adopted in their respective dominions. In Sweden, in Denmark, in Holland, in Hanover, in England, and even in the otherwise free Protestant Swiss cantons, the civil power has ever exercised, and even now claims, as a matter of right, to exercise this absolute control over the religious faith and worship of the subjects. In all of them there is, even at this enlightened day, a complete union of church and state, which is not a mere dead letter, but is strictly enforced in all its minutest details.

Religion thus became a mere slave and creature of the state; the noble handmaid of heaven was made to bow down her stately form to the very dust, and to kiss the feet of her earthly oppressors—of monsters—who, not content with lording it over their subjects in worldly matters, have impiously seized on the prerogative of the high priesthood itself, without being anointed of God or chosen to this office, as was Aaron of old. And this degrading enslavement was brought about by the very men who have stunned our ears with their loud cries of liberty, and their harsh denunciations of papal tyranny! The reformers raised the battle-cry of freedom; but no sooner had they seduced the multitude from their former allegiance to the Catholic church, than they forged for them new chains far more galling than those which the latter had shaken off—chains of iron, unwillingly worn, instead of those of gold, the pressure of which they had scarcely felt. Were these religious leaders deceived themselves, or did they mean to deceive others? were they honest men, or were they hypocrites? Their followers were certainly deceived, and they as certainly deceived them; but whether they did it intentionally or not, God alone can judge.

If any among our readers should think that we have stated the case too strongly, we beg them to attend, for a few moments, to the evidence bearing on the subject, which we shall rapidly condense from Mr. Laing's work, referring them, if they wish for fuller information, to the work itself. Our narrow limits will compel us to confine our remarks to Prussia, upon the religious, literary, moral and social condition of which Mr. Laing is very detailed and explicit.

A mere glance at the distinctive features of the Prussian government will suffice to convince the most skeptical, that it is a military despotism of the very worst kind that the imagination can conceive, scarcely surpassed even by that of the Russian bear himself, another great antagonist of the Catholic church. The Prussian government is every thing—the people are nothing but tools in its hands, mere automata, to be moved on the political chess-board according to its sovereign will and pleasure. Their political and social rights, their education, their modes of thinking and their faculty of giving expression to their thoughts, their religion itself, and even the most sacred rights and duties of the domestic sanctuary, are governed by the supreme autocrat of Berlin. He and his paid functionaries lord it over their bodies and their souls at pleasure. There is no popular representation whatever—no liberty of speech—no liberty of the press. It would almost seem that the fourteen millions of God's intellectual creatures, who are bowed down under this oppressive rule, are expected to think with but one mind, and to act with but one will—the mind and will of their lord and master at Berlin. They may smart under the iron rod of the oppressor, they may be crushed in the dust by his iron heel, their grievances may be unbearable, their hearts may be on the point of breaking under the accumulation of suffering—but they must bear it all in silence; not a complaint or murmur must escape their lips, else the state prison is to become their dreary abode.

This is no exaggeration; it is a sober statement of an appalling fact. Thus, when the venerable octogenarian archbishop of Cologne was, but a few years

ago, dragged by a brutal soldiery from his palace to a state prison, in the dead hour of night, merely because he could not in conscience submit to the religious dictation of Berlin, not a single press in Prussia dared utter a syllable in reprobation of the highhanded tyranny; and those who did give vent to their pent-up feelings of indignation, had to do it in secret and in cautious whispers, lest they too should fall into the clutches of the government minions. Thus again, when a Prussian regiment was lately marched to the doors of the Protestant churches of Silesia, to force the people to receive the newly appointed ministers, and to assist with proper reverence at the new-fangled service just established by the Prussian cabinet, they dared not murmur, but had to abide their hard fate in silence. Those ministers, and that portion of the laity who would not thus submit, were forced into exile; and we may form some idea of the number of those Protestant victims for conscience' sake, from the fact that 2,966 individuals were included in the amnesty proclaimed by the present monarch on his accession to the throne in 1840.* All this tyranny was, indeed, exposed by a portion of the German press; but it was by that portion which was beyond the reach of the Prussian censorship, which, however, exhibited its spirit and signalized its zeal by forbidding the obnoxious prints from crossing the Prussian border. And all this happened in the nineteenth century, and under the auspices of that Protestant religion which has been for three centuries boasting its love of liberty, and sneering at the tyranny of Rome! All this happened in the greatest and most powerful Protestant government on the European continent; a government which sprang into existence in consequence of the reformation, and which has been basking in its genial influences for more than three centuries!

A circumstance which greatly aggravates this tyranny, and makes it still more insufferable, is the hope of freedom with which the Prussian population has been lately tantalized; especially since the accession of the present monarch. At the commencement of his reign he promised much; he even rescinded some of the more obnoxious acts of his sterner father, liberated the archbishop of Cologne, and granted a general amnesty to political and religious offenders. But he has since thought proper to disappoint the high expectations awakened in the popular mind by these first acts of a wise and liberal policy. The Prussian population is now as much enslaved as ever, and there exist no reasonable hopes that their bonds will be speedily broken. The Prussian government has adopted a false position, and it seems disposed to maintain it at all hazards. It still promises much, and is disposed to do but little. It has endeavored to gull the people by an attempt to reconcile things which are wholly irreconcilable. This false position is thus vigorously set forth by Mr. Laing:

"A rigid censorship of the press, and a general education of the people; a religious population, and an interference of the government with, and a subversion by its edicts of, the religious observances, forms and prayers of a church, for which their forefathers had shed their blood in the battle-field; a moral people, and an intermeddling of the hand of government in the free action of man as a moral agent, in the sanctity of family duty and management, and during the most precious period of human life for forming the moral habits and character—a barrack-room education for all classes; a wealthy and happy people, and a ruinous yearly demand of that time and labor out of which national wealth and well-being can grow, for the sake of an idle and unfounded display at reviews and parades of a military strength, not efficient, in reality, from the nature of its materials, for military purposes;—these are incompatibles which even Prussian discipline cannot make to march together."*

Perhaps the very worst feature in the despotism we are attempting to describe, is the system of military service adopted

* Laing's Notes, &c., p. 215.

* Laing's Notes, p. 213.

by the Prussian cabinet since the wars of Napoleon, and established by edicts of the 3d September, 1814, and 21st November, 1815.

"By this system," says Mr. Laing, "every subject between the years of 20 and 25, without distinction of fortune, birth, class, or intended profession, is bound to serve as a private soldier in the ranks of the standing army for a period of three successive years. From this obligation only the most obvious incapacity from bodily or mental defect, or infirmity, can excuse any individual, and that incapacity must be examined and admitted by the local board of commissioners for military affairs, whose proceedings are reported to, and watched over by, a superior provincial board, and both report upon every claim for exemption to the war department. By the construction of these boards it is impossible that favor, partiality, or local interest, can screen any individual from his turn for entering the service for three years," &c.*

By this despotic system, most rigidly enforced, and totally different from our own militia system, every male citizen of Prussia is compelled to give three of the most precious years of his life to the army; and not only this, but he becomes, from the date of this service to the very verge of the grave, a regularly enrolled soldier in one or other division of the standing army, to be called into service every year for two or four weeks, and whenever his attendance may be deemed necessary, by an irresponsible and despotic government, for the emergencies of either peace or war. Thus the entire male population is forced to receive a barrack-room education, with all its demoralizing influence, its blunting of the finest feelings of nature, and its training to the duty of passive and blind obedience to authority. Nothing could be better calculated to rear up a nation of abject and crouching slaves, ready on all occasions to do the bidding of an imperious military master. No one is exempt from this long and degrading camp drill; and the youth who wishes to travel or to emigrate from his country, before discharging this military service, is stopped on the border, denied his passports, and compelled into the army against his will. "The whole land is thus one vast camp—the whole population one army."* Not even the candidates for the sacred ministry are exempted from this intolerable burden. One of the finest and most remarkable passages of Mr. Laing denounces the tyranny of this policy, especially in regard to the Catholic clergy. We cannot refrain from giving it entire, as it does so much honor to the author's head and heart, and is, withal, so apposite to the matter in hand.

"A more justly felt, and, to Catholic feelings, more revolting grievance is, that the youth studying for the priesthood in the Catholic church are subject, like other young men, to serve for three years (commutable by special favor to one year) in a regiment of the line; and the only exemption in their favor is, that they may be allowed to postpone the commencing of their military service until their twenty-fifth year; and then, if they have actually become members of the priesthood, and have taken sub-deacon's orders, they are exempt altogether; but all depending upon the good finding of Protestant military functionaries. The clerical student in our Protestant church follows a course of study, and of life, which fits him for every social duty, as much as or more than other men; and if military or other social duty is required by the state, no good reason can be shown why he should be exempt more than other citizens, if he have no clerical duties or status in the church. But the Catholic priest must be bred from infancy to his vocation—must be bred like a female to abstinence, chastity, purity, self-denial of all appetites and indulgences, and kept, like the well brought-up female, in ignorance of the vice and mental contamination familiar to men. To put a man so bred into the ranks of a regiment, and to live in barracks and guard rooms for three years, or one year, or even one day, is demoralizing the individual, and tainting the purity of mind required for his peculiar social condition as a popish (!) priest, devoted to a life of celibacy; and whether that position be right or wrong on religious, social, or moral grounds, it is tyranny in a gov-

* Laing's Notes, pp. 111, 112.

* Laing's Notes, p. 113.

ernment to disregard what its subjects do regard."*

Much has been said in praise of the Prussian educational system; and we do not deny that it has its excellencies. It brings education to the door of all; it works with military precision and vigor; it forces parents to send their children to school, whether they will or not, whether they need their services at home or not, under the rigid penalty of imprisonment.† Its mechanical organization is perfect; but does it secure the highest objects of education? Does it enlarge, elevate, and enlighten the youthful mind? Or is it not rather a cunningly devised machinery for breeding up a nation of subservient and trembling slaves? Of what use is the mere knowledge of reading, writing, and arithmetic, to a people who are reared at the same time without any moral elevation, and with principles which necessarily make them ever afterwards mere automata?

Mr. Laing has examined this question in all its length and breadth; he has devoted three long chapters to its consideration;‡ and he has proved, by facts and arguments which are conclusive and unanswerable, that the system is highly injurious and pernicious in its influence on the morals, on the religion, and on the social condition and character of the people; that, instead of raising them up in the scale of social life, it enthrals, debases and degrades them into mere slaves, wholly devoid of all proper self-respect, and of all intellectual, moral, religious, and political freedom. He has established all this to a demonstration. He has shown, that "the lowest class of the Prussian population are, intellectually, but big children who know their letters;" that "they are in an extreme inertness of mind;"§ and that they are, with all their pretended learning, immeasurably below the peasantry of many other countries in which popular education is less generally diffused. They are taught just so much as the government wishes—just enough to make them accomplished slaves; no more.

Our limits will not permit us to give even a condensed analysis of his facts and arguments on this branch of the subject. We must refer those who wish for more extended information to the work itself, or to the notice of it in a recent number of the Dublin Review. We can make room for only one or two extracts.

"The almost mechanical operations of reading, writing, and reckoning are unquestionably most valuable acquirements; who can deny or doubt it? but they are not education: they are the means only, not the end—the tools, not the work—in the education of man. . . . . If the ultimate object of all education and knowledge be to raise man to the feelings of his own moral worth—to a sense of his responsibility to his Creator, and to his conscience for every act—to the dignity of a reflecting, self-guiding, virtuous, religious member of society—then the Prussian educational system is a failure. It is only a training from childhood in the conventional discipline and submission of mind which the state exacts from its subjects. It is not a training or education which has raised, but which has lowered, the human character. This system of interference and intrusion into the inmost domestic relations of the people, this educational drill of every family by state means and machinery, supersedes parental tuition. It is a fact not to be denied, that the Prussian population is at this day, when the fruits of the educational system may be appreciated in the generation of the adults, in a remarkably demoralized condition in those branches of moral conduct which cannot be taught by the parents, because parental tuition is broken in upon by governmental interference in Prussia, its efficacy and weight annulled, and the natural dependence of the child upon the words of wisdom of the parent—the delicate threads by which the infant's mind, as its body, draws nutriment from its parent—is ruptured."*

The Prussians "morally are slaves of enslaved minds. Compulsory education, compulsory religion, compulsory military service, and the finger of government in-

* Laing, pp. 210—11.

† Laing's Notes, p. 171.

‡ Laing, chapters vi, vii, viii.

§ Laing, p. 264.

* Laing, pp. 172—3.

terfering in all action and opinion, and leaving nothing to free will and uncontrolled individual judgment;—produce youths well educated, as it is called, because they can read, write and sing, well dressed, well drilled, and able bodied; and whose *selbstgefuhl*,* whose moral sense has not been educated, raised, and cultivated, even to the extent of making them feel debased or degraded, at running, cap in hand, begging at the side of carriages on the highway."†

Nothing, perhaps, establishes more satisfactorily the utter debasement and degradation of the Protestant educated mind in Prussia, than the tame submission of eight millions of enlightened Protestant Christians to the late high-handed measure of the monarch by which the ancient Lutheran and Calvinistic churches were annihilated, and a third thing—neither Lutheran, Calvinistic, nor Catholic, a mere religious creation or freak of the royal mind—substituted in their place. The vast body of Prussian Protestants, in fact, almost all of them, submitted to this sweeping destruction of all they had hitherto most dearly prized without opposition, and almost without a murmur of dissent. The monarch spoke out his sovereign will, and his trembling subjects abandoned their time-honored worship, and hastened to obey with the prompt alacrity of well drilled soldiers. Who ever before heard of such a phenomenon as this in any Christian and enlightened country or age? We might have believed such a thing of Mohammedans or Hindoos; to have believed it of Christians in the nineteenth century would have appeared impossible. Yet it is even so. We have said that the Prussian monarch is more a pope than he of Rome; and this fact alone, if all others were wanting, would suffice to establish our assertion beyond a possibility of refutation. Who ever heard of a Roman pope ever claiming to abolish one religion long established, and of establishing another of his own devising on its ruins? This remarkable feat was reserved for a Protestant pope, whom Protestant Christians set up over themselves, after having dethroned the venerable one of Catholic times.

This strange amalgamation of the two antagonist communions into the one "evangelical church of Prussia," was recommended in a royal edict of the late monarch, issued September 17, 1817; it was declared consummated in another royal edict, bearing date June 30th, 1818. The monarch at first proposed to effect the union by moral force alone; but, with the usual chicanery of the court of Berlin, it was really enforced by violence and by the satisfactory—at least, conclusive—argument of the musket ball and the bayonet. Under this wholesome discipline all Protestant Prussia fell instantly into the new ranks at the word of command from headquarters. The few Silesian Lutherans, who at first proved refractory, were soon literally *dragooned* into conformity. The Lutherans and Calvinists had been quarrelling for three centuries about the real presence and predestination; the more they had disputed, the farther they had grown apart; the pope of Berlin kindly volunteered his services to settle their controversy—as never had a Roman pope settled a controversy before—by the sword and the bayonet; and these fierce religionists instantly drop their spiritual armor, and become as quiet and tractable as lambs.

Such, then, has proved to be the influence, present and palpable, of the much eulogised educational system of Prussia. By their tame submission to the royal orders, the Prussians have recognised and for ever established the principle, that religion is a mere creature of the state, and that the king is supreme in spirituals as well as in temporals. They have virtually received the doctrine contained in the following extract from a tract published in Berlin, with the approbation of the royal censorship, in 1835, and for which we are indebted to Mr. Laing:*

* Self-respect or esteem. † Laing, p. 176.

* Laing's Notes, p. 190. The tract is entitled: Sendschreiben wieder die falschen propheten.

"Do ye believe in God? then must ye believe in Christ. Do ye believe in Christ? *then must ye believe in the king.* He is our head on earth, and rules by the order of God. THE KING HAS APPEARED IN THE FLESH IN OUR NATIVE LAND."

We know of no parallel to this atrocious blasphemy, which makes the king a sort of incarnation of the Deity, save in attempts lately made to inculcate a similar doctrine, in the catechism published by imperial authority in Russia: certain it is, that no such principle was ever broached in Catholic times or in a Catholic country. In this, as in other particulars, all the refinements of despotism are to be sought among those who are for ever clamoring about their love of liberty, and taunting those of the ancient church with their advocacy of a galling slavery.

It is a singular fact, freely admitted by Mr. Laing, that the Catholic population on the Rhine and in the province of Posen are the freest, the most enlightened, and the most enterprising portion of the Prussian kingdom; and it is a fact still more remarkable, that their superiority should be traced by a man of Mr. Laing's strong religious prejudices to their principles as Roman Catholics. Yet such is the case, as the following extracts will show:

"Her Rhenish and Westphalian provinces are not only wealthy and manufacturing; they are liberal, and hang very loosely to the autocratic principle of the Prussian government. They retained, when they were handed over to Prussia, their former laws and law courts . . . . . and have nothing in their laws or courts in common with the rest of Prussia; suffered no revival or intrusion of the old feudal or the Prussian jurisprudence and tribunals, and have very clearly indicated that they would not suffer it. They have shown, in their support of the Catholic bishop of Cologne—arising evidently not from a blind spirit of fanaticism, but from a spirit of opposition to despotic sway—that they are not a population to be governed, like military serfs, by the will or caprice of a cabinet. It is from this population of about 4,000,000 that the impulse has been given to the great movement of the German people in the German league."*

* Laing, p. 155.

"This population, living under French law, is the very kernel of the Prussian kingdom—a concentrated population of from three to four millions, the most wealthy, commercial and manufacturing, and the most enlightened upon their rights and wants, of any, perhaps, in Germany. In the province of Posen, again, at the other extremity of the kingdom, the French administration, by *justices de paix* and by open courts of justice, and open examination of witnesses, prevails over the general Prussian administration."*

That the Prussian Catholics were disposed to range themselves on the side of popular freedom, in consequence of their principles as Catholics, is avowed and proved in the following remarkable passage:

"The principle that the civil government, or state, or church and state united, of a country is entitled to regulate its religious belief, has more of intellectual thraldom in it than the power of the popish (?) church ever exercised in the darkest ages; for it had no civil power joined to its religious power. It only worked through the civil power of each country. The church of Rome was an independent, distinct, and often an opposing power in every country to the civil power, A CIRCUMSTANCE IN THE SOCIAL ECONOMY OF THE MIDDLE AGES, TO WHICH, PERHAPS, EUROPE IS INDEBTED FOR HER CIVILIZATION AND FREEDOM—for not being in the state of barbarism and slavery of the east, and of every country, ancient and modern, in which the civil and religious power have been united in one government. Civil liberty is closely connected with religious liberty—with the church being independent of the state. . . . . In Germany the seven Catholic sovereigns have 12,074,700 Catholic subjects, and 2,541,000 Protestant subjects. The twenty-nine Protestant sovereigns, including the four free cities, have 12,113,000 Protestant subjects, and 4,966,000 Catholic. Of these populations in Germany, those which have their point of spiritual government without their states, and independent of them—as the Catholics have at Rome—enjoy certainly more spiritual independence, are less exposed to the intermeddling of the hand of civil power with their religious concerns, than the Protestant populations, which, since the reformation, have had church

* Laing, pp. 230—31.

and state united in one government, and in which each autocratic sovereign is *de facto* a home-pope. The church affairs of Prussia in this half century, those of Saxony, Bavaria, and the smaller principalities, such as Anhalt Cothen, in all of which the state has assumed and exercised power inconsistently with the principles, doctrines, observances, and privileges of the Protestant religion, clearly show that the Protestant church on the continent, as a power, has become an administrative body of clerical functionaries, acting under the orders of the civil power or state."*

We must give yet one more passage of a similar import, in which the author acknowledges, with his usual candor, that the German Catholics, in the late controversy regarding mixed marriages, took the liberal side, stood on the most popular ground, and struck a successful blow for liberty.

"The popish (!) priests stand upon the defence of acknowledged spiritual rights, which—if taken away by a royal edict, without any concurrence to it through a constitutional representation, and a law or act to which the people are not parties—would lay open all rights, as well as those claimed by the clergy, to the arbitrary interference of the civil power. Independent altogether of superstition or church influence, the Catholic clergy have here a support from this connexion between their cause and the cause of liberal constitutional government, as opposed to a government of arbitrary edicts and irresponsible functionaries. Between submission to the pope in all the questions with the Catholic church, and a representative constitution sanctioning by the voice of the people themselves the supremacy of the state in those questions, no third way is opened to the Prussian government. It seems a decree of fate in social economy, that representative governments, parliaments, shall spring up in every age from collisions between the civil and ecclesiastical powers."*

Listen to these avowals of an enlightened and candid Protestant writer, all you who have been crying out for these last three centuries, that all the liberty is on the side of Protestantism, and all the slavery on that of Catholicity. Listen to them, all you who represent the papacy as the very nucleus of spiritual despotism. Who would not prefer being placed under the mild spiritual jurisdiction of the Roman pontiff, to being ground down into the dust under the iron rule of the "Prussian home-pope." Who, especially, would not prefer to acknowledge the authority of the liberal, enlightened, and wise Pius IX, who has commenced his pontificate under such flattering auspices, to yielding a blind submission, in spirituals as well as in temporals, to the arbitrary dictations of the stern anti-Catholic autocrats who lord it over their people at Berlin and at St. Petersburg?

* Laing, p. 194.

* Laing, p. 198.

MEMOIRS OF THE LIFE AND TIMES OF THE MOST REV. JOHN CARROLL,

FIRST ARCHBISHOP OF BALTIMORE.

BY B. U. CAMPBELL.

Continued from page 148.

WAS resolved to build a church, and in 1785 an act of incorporation was obtained for the Roman Catholic congregation. Early in 1786 five lots were purchased from the trustees of Trinity church, and on the 4th of November of the same year St. Peter's church was opened for divine service, on the site now occupied by the noble church of St. Peter, in Barclay street. In a letter of 13th November, 1786, to a friend, the Rev. Mr. Carroll thus refers to this subject:

". . . . . The Irish Capuchin at New York, Mr. Nugent, is likely to establish a flourishing congregation: a very handsome church is built, and was to be opened on the 1st instant in honor of the king of Spain, who has been a considerable benefactor, and whose minister to Congress laid the first stone. I received a most pressing invitation from the trustees to attend and perform the ceremony of the day; but I was then in our frontier counties, and received their letter too late. As I know that even in this country there may be malevolent people, eager to misrepresent every action of an ex-Jesuit, I should not be surprised to hear that my non-attendance was the effect of disrespect to his Catholic majesty." . . . . .

St. Peter's church was dedicated on the feast of St. Charles Borromeo, the patron of Charles III, then king of Spain, who had contributed ten thousand dollars towards its erection, on condition of reserving two seats for Spaniards passing through that city.

The estimate of Nugent's character which Father Farmer had formed seems to have been just; but the death of this venerable Father in 1786, while it deprived the New York congregation of his parental superintendence, made it necessary for the Rev. Mr. Carroll to give his personal attention to that portion of his charge. He was solicited by the principal gentlemen of that congregation to visit New York, in consequence of the misconduct of Nugent, and he arrived there in October, 1787. Writing from New York, on the 7th of November, he thus refers to the subject:

"Your letter was sent thither two days ago, where I have been for four weeks, to inquire into the foundation of complaints lodged against Mr. Nugent, the Capuchin incumbent of this place. Unfortunately, I find myself obliged to remove him, and have substituted in his place a Mr. O'Brien, a Dominican, well recommended by Archbishop Troy of Dublin. But I still expect violent opposition. Soon do I begin to experience the sad effects of taking up with the volunteer clergymen emigrants into America."

In another letter written from Maryland on the 1st of March, 1788, to his friend and confidential adviser, the Rev. Charles Plowden, he remarks of Mr. Nugent:

"I really had conceived a favorable opinion of him; he showed me good credentials when he first arrived, and, amongst others, a strong recommendation

from Father O'Leary. I have reason now to suspect that it was forged—for Nugent has been detected to be a most infamous fellow, and there is no excess of which he does not seem capable. I began with revoking his faculties—his audacious resistance soon compelled me to suspend him. He disregarded it, and proceeded to such outrages that the civil power has laid hold of him, and the grand jury has found a bill and presented him as a rioter. His trial is to come on in May. I have appointed an Irish Dominican, who appears a very decent man, and is well recommended, to succeed him: he has just got possession of the church, which Nugent forcibly held till the presentment of the grand jury. I cannot describe to you the horrible scandal that has arisen from this affair."

In a subsequent letter, the Rev. Mr. Carroll says:

"The wretched Nugent was found, by the jury, guilty of a riot. His counsel pleaded that, being the lawful pastor, he could not be guilty of a riot, in going to take possession of his church; that the person who deposed him received his jurisdiction from the pope—that is, a jurisdiction contrary to the laws of New York. This plea was overruled, and verdict given against him."

An appropriate conclusion of this portion of the "Memoirs" will be found in the following address to the Catholic congregation of New York, delivered in St. Peter's church on the occasion of the suspension of Nugent, in 1787. It has never before been published, and is copied from the original in the hand-writing of its venerable author:

"*Dear Christians, and*

Most beloved Brethren in Jesus Christ:

"Before we proceed any further in the service of this day, I esteem it necessary, for causes well known to you all, to address you with all the fervor of charity, with all the concern for your eternal happiness, and all the interest for the honor of our holy religion, which my duty—superintendence over the welfare of this congregation—requires from me. If the ministers of Christ must always feel a solicitude for the interests of their heavenly Master, how greatly must this solicitude increase when his holy religion is in danger of being dishonored by dissensions, by indocility, or the mischievous operation of any other passion; and, especially, if this should happen on its first introduction into a country where, before, it was only seen through the false coloring of prejudice and misrepresentation. It is then, dear Christian brethren, under the impression which these considerations have made on me, that I appear before you this day; and that I beseech you to recall to your remembrance the principles of your holy faith, and the maxims of church government, by an adhesion to which nations have been brought out of the darkness of paganism into the light of the Gospel;—and your forefathers, in particular, preserved in their own country, and to the present day, the purity of the faith delivered down to them from the first apostles of Christianity;—they preserved it under every temporal discouragement, and against the influence of every worldly interest.

"And how did they obtain this great effect? Was it by intruding themselves into the sanctuary? Did they, did you before you crossed over into this country, assume to yourselves the rights of your first pastors? Did you name those clergymen who were charged with the immediate care of your souls? Did you invest them with their authority? Did you confer on them those powers, without which their ministry must be of no avail? No, dear Christians; neither your forefathers nor you assumed to yourselves those prerogatives: you never plunged that fatal dagger into the vitals of true religion. Too deeply was it impressed on your minds, that the ministry of the word, and the administration of the sacraments, cannot be given in charge but by His divine authority whose doc-

trine is to be preached, and who has enriched his sacraments with the treasures of grace and salvation. You cannot but remember that, when Jesus was on the point of ascending up into heaven, and to leave his church under the visible government of his apostles and their successors, he communicated to them that spiritual and sublime jurisdiction which the world cannot give, and which extends itself not over the bodies but over the souls of men—a jurisdiction which can be derived but from God; which cannot be acquired merely under the sanction or by the sole authority of any human laws. To fill our minds with a due sense of the sublimity of this sacred jurisdiction, Christ, before he bequeathed it as his last legacy to his apostles, addressed to them these awful and solemn words, recorded by St. Matthew, chap. 28, and *spoke to them saying, All power is given to me in heaven and in earth.* Having thus brought to their recollection the heavenly ministry which he himself had dispensed on earth; that he had received it not from man, but from his Father who is in heaven; and that power was given to him to transmit it to others for the salvation of the world—*as my Father sent me so do I send you:* John, chap. 22. He thus continued his discourse: *Go ye therefore and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost, teaching them to observe all things, whatsoever I have commanded you; and behold I am with you all days, even to the consummation of the world.* The apostles having received this commission from their heavenly Master, proceeded in the work of the ministry: they dispensed the sacraments, they announced the good tidings of salvation, and they appointed pastors to the congregations which were gathered together. To these pastors so appointed others succeeded, and so down to the present day, deriving their powers of exercising the sacred functions of religion not from men, but from the same sacred source as the apostles themselves. That the Catholic church possesses a spiritual jurisdiction so transmitted, through every age, is her distinguishing and glorious prerogative; and if it were possible for her to lose this prerogative, she would cease to hold any spiritual authority.

"Sometimes she has had cause to deplore the indocility of some of her children, who have attributed powers to themselves which God alone could bestow; and whenever these undutiful children have obstinately resisted the charitable admonitions of their first pastors, and have not soon returned to an acknowledgment of spiritual subordination, they rapidly advanced in the track of disobedience, and completed the course of their iniquity by bidding defiance to the church herself.

"I shall not here mention any examples to establish the truth of what I have said: they are known to you, and you had them undoubtedly in your mind, when, on a very late occasion, you publicly acknowledged the just right and power of him who now speaks to you to constitute and appoint clergymen to the care of souls, within the extent of his jurisdiction, and, namely, in this very church. In making this acknowledgment, you did not consider my imperfections or personal unworthiness; but you considered the source from which my authority is derived; and you know that it could be traced up to Christ himself, the Author and Fountain Head of all spiritual jurisdiction. With this firm persuasion on your minds, you admitted the lawfulness of my delegation and my right to appoint the clergyman to have charge of your souls. You admitted this in a manner the most explicit, and with a zeal for which my thanks are not worthy of being offered you, since you receive those of religion herself.

"In the exercise, therefore, of a power so well established, both by our present discipline, (which is protected by the laws of this state,) and by your own admis-

sion and acknowledgment, I proceed to give you public notice, that, having heretofore granted to the Rev. Andrew Nugent, during my pleasure, powers for preaching, and administering the sacraments of baptism, penance, eucharist to sick persons, extreme unction and matrimony, I hereby recall those powers: and my duty demanding of me at the same time to provide a pastor for the care of your souls, I have invested with all necessary and requisite powers for that purpose the Rev. Mr. William O'Brien, of whose zeal, virtue and talents for the work of the ministry, I have received the most ample testimony and assurances, and whom I recommend to your benevolence and regard. This is not the time for enlarging on the motives which brought me to my present determination; but I entreat you to believe that it was formed without passion or unfavorable prejudices; and that, if I had not conceived it my duty to act in the manner I have done, my authority should never have been exerted to the purposes of which you were just now informed.

"And now, dear Christians, allow me to entreat you to join with united hearts in presenting at the throne of grace the Sacred Victim who is going to be offered on this altar: and earnestly to beseech Almighty God, the bestower of every good gift, to behold with complacency the living body and blood of his blessed Son, held up and presented by us all to him, as a propitiation for our crimes; and that it may draw down on this congregation every heavenly blessing; and, above all, perfect charity, well grounded hope, and unshaken and active faith: may these virtues rest with you for ever, and bring you to eternal life."

DREAMS OF THE PAST.

For the U. S. Catholic Magazine.

THERE'S a joy for my soul,
Tho' its hopes have grown cold,
More dear than the future
Will ever unfold;
There's a bloom in my heart,
Tho' its summer fades fast
And its winter comes on—
'Tis a dream of the past.

There's a halo that softens
The mind's darkest gloom,
Like moonbeams caressing
The ivy-wreathed tomb;
And tho' sorrow's midnight
Around me is cast,
A lovely light smiles
When I dream of the past.

Tho' the rainbow of promise
Has faded away,
And *to-morrow* has long ceased
To bless me *to-day*,
Yet sad disappointment
In vain spends his blast,
While memory still lingers
Round dreams of the past.

When the coldness of loved ones
With anguish I mourn,
To the days when I trusted
Their warm vows I turn:
I thought then they'd love me
While being should last,
And I now fondly cling
To that dream of the past.

Not the mem'ries that throng
Around pleasure's gay hall,
Nor the rich thrill that trembles
At glory's loud call,
Can o'er my chilled spirit
Such sweet sunlight cast
As the kind words that sparkle
'Mid dreams of the past.

I ask not again
For the dew drops that shone
'Mid the garland of hope
That bedecked my life's dawn;
But till the last drop
Of my being is past
May my bosom be cheered
By sweet dreams of the past.

And oh! when in heaven
My spirit finds rest,
And I bask in the smiles
Of the pure and the blest,
May those fond ties now riven
Be blended at last,
And our souls again mingle
In dreams of the past.

S. R. T.

LOUISVILLE, *February* 18*th*, 1847.

OUR MARTYRS, No. V.

GILBERT DU THET,* LAY BROTHER, S. J. 1613.

HAMPLAIN, the illustrious founder of New France, the fearless and, we may say, despite the sneers of blundering historians, the truly pious navigator had planted a cross on the barren shore of Cape Malabar, and summoned our northern coast to render homage to Catholicity and France. The power of France is gone—the faith triumphs amid persecutions. But no great end is ever attained here below, except by the sacrifice of human life, the pouring out of human blood, and we accordingly find our northern territories fruitful in martyrs.† The earliest seems to be the lay brother of the Society of Jesus, whose name we have given above. Of him I have found nothing more than is given by Champlain in his account of this voyage. His name is not in the work of Doultreman, before quoted, nor in the larger work of Tanner; and the account in Juvency is substantially that given by Champlain.

In 1607 the Sieur de Potrincourt obtained the rights of Du Monts to Port Royal, and the king asked Father Coton to send some members of the company to convert the Indians, promising to give one thousand livres towards defraying the expense of the mission. Father Peter Biart was selected by Father Coton to commence it: he repaired to Bordeaux, but after having long waited for a vessel he returned or was recalled. But in February, 1610, Potrincourt sailed to his new domain, and sent back his son Biencourt to France for supplies. To accompany him on his return to the colony, Father Christopher Balthazar, the provincial, sent to Dieppe F. Peter Biart, a native of Grenoble, and F. Enemond Masse, a native of Lyons. King Louis gave five hundred crowns to redeem his father's promise, and two charitable ladies (Desourdis and Guercheville) contributed many articles of church furniture and ornaments. On arriving at Dieppe every obstacle was thrown in their way by Biencourt—at heart a Calvinist—and by many of the merchants who were Protestants. The opposition became at last so violent, that they refused to take the fathers, who retired to their college at Eu. When the Marchioness de Guercheville heard this she was filled with indignation, and, complaining at court, obtained by collection the sum of four thousand livres, with which she bought the shares of the merchants who had caused the trouble. She did not, however, purchase the share for her own emolument, but entered into an arrangement that the profits of that share should not return to France, but go to Sieurs Robin and Biencourt, to be expended by them in supporting Port Royal and the French there, and that, in consideration of this, the Jesuits should share in the emoluments of the association with Robin and Biencourt.

There happened to be (a somewhat

* Authorities: Champlain, Book 3, chap. 1, vol. 1, p. 131; Juvenci Historia Soc. Jesu, Lib. xv, part v, p. 324; Charlevoix 1, p. 138; De Laet and Ogilby, with the statements in the histories of Virginia consulted.

† The word *martyr*, in these sketches, is used in the widest sense, and is applied to those who, either directly or indirectly, suffered for the faith. Not considering that any of the Mexican states are *constitutionally* a part of the Union, I do not include any martyrs there; this will not make much difference, however, as the inability to tell how many are to come into the Anglo-Saxon grasp renders research conjectural only.

rare thing) a prejudice in those days against the Jesuits; and there was a cry raised that they were turning merchants, and many ridiculous charges were made, and the transaction has been partly and partially and falsely stated down to our own day; though we cannot but agree with Champlain that their conduct in this matter needs no justification.

Matters being arranged, they embarked January 26th, 1611, with Biencourt: he, however, sailed along the coast, and did not reach Port Royal till Whit-Sunday, the 16th of June. During his long voyage the fathers, although they had assisted him with money, suffered considerably from the want of provisions and other necessaries. Almost immediately after their arrival Potrincourt returned to France, leaving Biencourt, who was but twenty years old, in command of the colony, then composed of twenty persons. This headstrong boy at once commenced a course which might have been expected. The colony was nearly ruined by his mismanagement, and a quarrel he had with the next proprietor, Robert Gravé. This quarrel was appeased by the Jesuits.

The fathers receiving no aid from Biencourt as priests, demanded, as associates, the right of advising in the direction of affairs. He not only refused this, but even threatened to have them both flogged, and left them almost destitute. The captain of the ship who brought them over had increased Biencourt's dislike, by many charges which he afterwards admitted to be false. Father Masse had gone to an Indian village to learn their language, and there fell sick, without any assistance, and, owing to the scarcity, with hardly food enough to support life; while Father Biart, at Port Royal, had to undergo great fatigues, and both lived for some months on acorns and roots which they gathered. But though covered with injuries by those in power, they did not cease to serve them with charity and zeal. The two fathers became sawyers and ship carpenters, and, having made some boards, constructed a boat, in which they went to fish for cod, to help the settlement now pressed by want.

When the Sieur de Potrincourt went to France to settle his affairs, and procure assistance for the new colony, the pious and zealous Marchioness de Guercheville, devoted to the conversion of the Indians, having collected some money, shared it with him, and offered also to take part in the enterprise with him. But not believing him to be possessed of as large a territory as he represented, and he not being able to prove it—alleging his patents to be in Port Royal—she determined to undertake a settlement herself, for the purpose of converting the savages and to place it under the direction of fathers of the society. News which had reached France, of the treatment of the Jesuits in Port Royal, caused her also to suspect that the only wish of Potrincourt and his son was to obtain as much assistance as possible, and to have nothing more to do with the missions than what they could not avoid. She accordingly bought out Du Monts, and procured a royal grant of New France from the St. Lawrence to Florida, excepting that portion then possessed by Potrincourt.

The plan of the new settlement was now determined, and Saussaye was sent out with thirty persons, including some mechanics and their families, to begin the colony. They were accompanied by Father Quentin and Brother Gilbert Du Thet. They left Honfleur 12th March, 1613, and reached La Hève the 16th of May. When they reached Port Royal they found but five persons there, Biencourt being absent with most of his people in search of provisions. The queen had, among others, contributed to Lady Guercheville's colony, and she gave Saussaye a letter to Biencourt, directing him to permit the Jesuits at Port Royal to accompany Saussaye. Hebert, the commander, obeyed the letter.

They then set sail and proceeded to Mount Desert Island, at the mouth of the

river Pemetegoët (since called the Kennebec, from the Canibas tribe of Indians who dwelt there). This was probably selected by Father Biart, who had sailed up that river the year before with Biencourt, and had preached with success to the natives.

The pilot conducted them to the east side of the island, where the fathers disembarked: they, after giving thanks to God, raised a cross, and at it its foot said mass, and named the settlement Saint Sauveur. And there they assembled each morning and evening, beneath the summer sky, to assist at mass and vespers until a chapel should be built. They began a fortification and the erection of dwellings; but before these were completed, and when the settlement was scarce begun, a storm overtook them which destroyed all their hopes.

The English had by this time settled permanently in Virginia, and were in the habit of sending vessels to catch cod at a fishing station, about fifty miles from Mt. Desert Island. Ten of these left Virginia in 1613, attended by an armed vessel, and commanded by the infamous Samuel Argal, then fresh from his last outrage—the kidnapping of Pocahontas. By a storm the fleet was driven, in a much shattered condition, beyond the fishing ground, and forced to the mouth of the Kennebec. Here, half-naked and in want of food, they landed to obtain assistance. The natives could afford them but little, telling them, however, that they would find friends on Mount Desert Island. Argal knew that this must be a recent settlement of the French, and determined to surprise it, notwithstanding that peace then existed with France. Accordingly, leading the van, he proceeded to Saint Sauveur; the French ship, which was without cannon, was lying there in command of La Motte le Villin, the lieutenant—Saussaye and most of his people being on shore engaged in the new erections. According to De Laet and Lescarbot, Argal's vessel was first seen by Du Thet, who called out to his countrymen to arm, as the English were upon them.* However this may be, when Le Villin saw a ship coming in full sail, with English colors and unfriendly preparations—although inferior in strength to Argal's vessel, and without cannon—he determined to make the best defence he could, not knowing that ten other English craft, partly armed, followed. At the first volley of the English, Du Thet was mortally and some others severely wounded: resistance was now useless, as the other vessels came up, and Argal's ship alone carried sixty men and fourteen cannon. Argal now took possession of the vessel, and proceeding to Saussaye's chest, took from it his commission, and the next day landed to take that officer—who, seeing the hopes of the settlement blasted, surrendered with all his people (except five who escaped to Port Royal, not trusting the English). Brother Du Thet, having received the last sacraments, died piously the day after the fight, and was buried on the shore. When Saussaye surrendered, he told Argal that he was a French officer and had a regular commission, and protested against the conduct of the English commander. The latter demanded the commission; Saussaye went confidently to his chest, but not finding it, Argal threatened to hang him, and called him a pirate, and proceeded to divide the property of the French as booty: he, however, did not injure Saussaye, pretending to be appeased by the representations Father Biart and his companions made. A small sloop was then given to the French to go home in; but the fathers representing that it was too small for thirty, he offered to take the mechanics to Virginia, whence, after a year's residence in the colony, they could return to France,

* De Laet is very much prejudiced against the Jesuits, and Lescarbot, in the second edition of whose Nova France this account is given, is admitted by Folsom, in his account of Argal's expedition, in the last volume of the MSS. Historical Collections, to be no friend of the Jesuits. The English accounts bear little resemblance to the others, making Du Thet fire a cannon, when, in fact, the French had none.

and that, in the meantime, they should not be molested in their religion. Some accepted this proposal; and Argal, who respected La Motte's bravery, promised to take him and such persons as he should select to the English fishing station, and there to procure them a passage to their own country. Relying on this promise, and anxious to lessen the number in the sloop, he chose Father Biart and Father Quentin and two others.* This left Saussaye with Father Masse and thirteen more in the little vessel: they had no pilot and no sailors, but reached La Hève in safety, and receiving assistance from Gravé, reached St. Malo. Argal set sail at the same time, and Mount Desert Island was again deserted.

Thus a mission which had promised a long course of usefulness was destroyed. The favor of the Indians had been gained by an occurrence which marked their arrival. As they passed near a village they heard cries like lamentation for the dead: they learned that a child was dying. Father Biart hastened to the spot, and found the father holding the child, and the inhabitants ranged on both sides; and, as the dying child heaved a sigh, the father cried out and the people answered. Biart asked the father to let him baptize the child: the child was silently handed to him. He placed it in the arms of Le Villin, who accompanied him, and ran for water. He baptized it, the people looking on in wonder; and the servant of God, seeing their wonder, prayed aloud to God to grant in his mercy a sign to this ignorant but docile people. He then handed it to its mother and bade her give it suck: the infant, in a moment, was clinging to its mother's breast. This miraculous cure produced effects full of promise to the missionaries. But the Jesuits were now scattered, and even one of their number found a grave there; no doubt at the foot of the cross, for Argal spared it then.

* One probably a lay brother, as Charlevoix says *three* Jesuits.

Argal took all the Frenchmen who accompanied him to Virginia as prisoners, in spite of his promise, and there represented them to be pirates. Sir Thomas Dale, (styled by the French the Marshal, as he governed the colony by martial law,) determined to put them all to death, including the Jesuits, whose sacred character was any thing but a recommendation to better treatment. This alarmed Argal, who entreated Dale not to inflict the penalty of the law, as he had promised that their lives should be spared; but finding this of no avail, he gave a more truthful account of the transaction, and produced Saussaye's commission. Bad as Argal was, Dale seems to have surpassed him here; for, though the former considered his attack of the French a crime, and sought to conceal it, Dale called a council, and with their concurrence resolved to send Argal back to destroy all the French settlements to the forty-sixth degree. He went with three vessels, taking most of the French with him. On reaching St. Sauveur he broke down the cross of the mission, and set up the arms of England; he then burnt St. Croix and destroyed the settlement at Port Royal. This place they had some difficulty in finding, as no Frenchman would show the way; they found, however, an Indian who conducted them.* They left Port Royal on the 9th of June, 1613, to return to Virginia. Just before they sailed one of the settlers, who had fled, came to the shore, and, asking leave to speak, said "he was astonished that they did not put the Spanish Jesuit, Biart, to death—for he was a wicked man, that would harm them if he had an opportunity." On his way to Virginia a storm arose, in which one of Argal's vessels was lost, but he reached Virginia himself in safety. When he gave an account of his expedition, he stated that Biart was a Spanish Jesuit and a bad man, as the man at Port Royal

* Biencourt, it is true, in an account published by him, charges Father Biart with leading the English to Port Royal. Champlain is as above.

had told him. Dale determined, therefore, to put him to death when the vessel came in, a thing he undoubtedly could do under the statute of Elizabeth.

But the vessel never reached Virginia: the storm drove it south-westerly to the Azores. Their provisions failed, and being now at a Catholic island, and requiring assistance, Turnel, the captain, came to Father Biart and asked him why the Port Royalist had so spoken of him? at the same time asking his pardon for the sufferings he had caused him—for he in fact hated the French and the Jesuits with a hearty hatred. Father Biart reminded him that, in spite of their slanders, he had never spoken ill of them, and assured him that neither he nor any of his family had ever been in Spain; and he hoped God would deliver them and, especially, the captain from the hands of the Spaniards, and offered to forget the past. They anchored in the road of Fayal, and the captain, fearing that the fathers should be seen, hid them below, they having promised him not to reveal their character to the Portuguese who might come on board. Some officers did come, and went below; and though they saw the Jesuits, these made no sign, when a single word would have delivered them from the English, and caused the latter to be hung as pirates, as they were. But they showed the Protestants that it was no part of the faith or practice of the Jesuits, or of Catholics, "*that no faith was to be kept with heretics.*" The vessel was relieved and sailed for England. The Jesuits were now treated with the utmost kindness. Soon after their arrival Turnel related the affair at the Azores, and the account having reached M. Du Buiseau, the French ambassador, he procured the deliverance of the fathers, who were taken to Dover—and, passing over to France, reached their college at Amiens, after a captivity of nine months and a half. Before they left England they enjoyed the pleasure of doing Argal a good turn.

Of the little colony of St. Sauveur, three died in Virginia—four remained prisoners there. The fathers baptized there thirty infants, and three were baptized in necessity.

Father Biart never returned to America, and died 17th of November, 1622, at Avignon, universally regretted, and having enjoyed during life the reputation of a most pious and zealous missionary. He was at his death a chaplain in the army, and had been professor of theology at Lyons. After his captivity (according to Du Creux*), he wrote a commentary of the whole affair, which was published at Lyons in 1616.

Father Enemund Masse entered the society in his 20th year, and, having labored in it for 52 years, died at St. Joseph's, in Canada, May 12th, 1646. He was unsurpassed in his ardor for the foreign missions. He devoted himself to that of Canada—called it his Rachel, and to possess it vowed to serve God as long and as faithfully as Jacob served Laban. He spent the time in prayer and mortifications; and, after many crosses and afflictions, obtained his desire in 1625, being sent again to Canada. But his crosses were not ended. He was again taken prisoner and sent to England, 1629. But Heaven could not resist his prayers and the mortifications which he practised—an exile in his native land. He returned to the place of his affections in 1633, and labored zealously to his death. Prompt, quick, and ardent—of the greatest purity, and most heavenly charity—he went through a long life of mortifications, almost from his cradle.†

* This is mentioned by Creuxius, in his Introduction, and he refers his readers to it. The book is not even mentioned by Charlevoix in his List of Authors, nor is it found in Rich's Catalogue; and seems to be in no published catalogue of our public libraries. It would be invaluable as the account of an eye-witness.

† Relation de ce qui s'est passe 1645—6.

TREUGA DEI, OR THE TRUCE OF GOD.

For the U. S. C. Magazine.

"Fit to govern!
No, not to live. O nation miserable,
With an untitled tyrant, bloody-sceptred,
When shalt thou see thy wholesome days again?"—MACBETH.

CHAPTER III.

THE third Friday after Gilbert had been wounded, he mounted his horse, and accompanied by Father Omehr, set out for the castle of Hers, which lay some four leagues distant to the south.

"You are sad, father," said the youth, who felt all the exhilaration of returning strength, heightened by the freshness of the morning.

"It is true, my son; for though in all the trials of this pilgrimage I endeavor to turn to God the cheerful face he loves to see in affliction, I am sometimes weak enough to tremble at the gloomy period before us. We are upon the eve of a tremendous struggle. You may not be aware of it, for you are unaccustomed to watch the events which govern the future for good or evil; but the firmness of our holy father, and the increasing recklessness and impiety of the emperor, must create an earthquake sooner or later."

"My father," replied Gilbert, "has imputed to his holiness a want of firmness."

"Alas, with how little reason! He who, when seized by Cencius* and his armed assassins at the altar of St. Mary Major—bruised, and dragged by the hair to the castle of his assailant—yet remained calm and unmoved with the face of an angel, neither imploring mercy nor attempting an ineffectual resistance—cannot be accused of a want of firmness. The matchless benevolence—the heart which melts at the first symptom of repentance—the clemency which led him, whilst his wounds were yet fresh, to pardon Cencius, prostrate at his feet—have also induced him to hearken to the promises of King Henry and accept his contrition."

"But is it not almost folly to trust the royal hypocrite to whom Suabia pays so heavy a tribute! I wish that when his infant majesty fell in the Rhine, there had been no Count Ecbert nigh to rescue him!"*

"Is it not rather an exalted charity, of which you have no conception, and a Christian forgiveness, which puts to shame your last ungenerous wish?"

"I can have no sympathy or pity for him who has loaded with insult a princess, alike distinguished for beauty and virtue."

"You mean the queen, his wife. But tell me, when he endeavored to procure a divorce from Bertha, who prevented the criminal separation? Was it the boasted chivalry of Suabia? No! Peter Damian, the pope's legate, alone opposed the angry monarch, and told him, in the presence of all his courtiers, that 'his designs were disgraceful to a king—still more disgraceful to a Christian: that he should blush to commit a crime he would punish in another; and that, unless he renounced his iniquitous project, he would incur the denunciation of the church and the severity of the holy canons.'† The result was the reconcilement of Henry

* See Voigt's Life of Gregory VII, vol. ii, chap. vii, p. 86.

* Voigt's Greg. VII, vol. i, p. 97.
† Ibid. p. 180.

with Bertha, in Saxony! And though Alexander was pope, Peter received his instructions from Hildebrand. But there is a wide difference between your hostility to Henry of Austria and the resistance of Gregory VII to his encroachments: your motives all flow from human considerations, and seek a human revenge; his, on the contrary, proceed from the knowledge of his duty to God, and breathe forgiveness: you seek the king's destruction and your own aggrandizement;—Gregory, the king's welfare and the independence and prosperity of the Christian church."

We will no longer continue a conversation which, to be intelligible to all, would require a more intimate acquaintance with the history of the times than can be obtained from the books in free circulation among us. Though Gregory VII has been reproached by all Protestants, and by some Catholics, with an undue assumption of temporal power, and an unnecessary severity against Henry VII of Austria, it is certain that, in his own day, he was charged by many of his own friends—particularly, in Saxony and Suabia—with too tender a regard for a monarch who violated his most solemn engagements the moment he fancied he could do so with impunity, and whose court, already openly profligate, threatened to present the appearance of an eastern seraglio. A hasty glance at the prominent facts of the dispute, will leave us in doubt whether to admire most the dignified and Christian forbearance of the pope, whilst a hope of saving his adversary remained, or the unwavering resolution he displayed, even to death in exile, when convinced that mercy to the king would be injustice to God.*

No sooner had Gregory assumed the tiara than he addressed letters to different persons, in which he assures them of his earnest desire to unite with Henry in upholding the honor of the church and the imperial dignity; to accomplish which he will embrace the first opportunity of sending legates to Henry, to acquaint the king with his views. But, whilst proffering his love, he declares that, if Henry shall venture to offer God insult instead of honor, he will not fail in his duty to the divine head of the church through fear of offending man. So, in a letter to Rodolph, Duke of Suabia—who, at that time, was known to be secretly hostile to the king—Gregory declares, that he entertains no ill feeling whatever for Henry, but simply desires to do his duty.

There were two evils which Gregory was resolved to extirpate: lay investitures, and the incontinence of the clergy. Whilst the power of appointing to benefices was usurped by the civil power, the emperor was sure to fill the highest places in his gift with creatures of his own. The inevitable result of this was, to create two classes of prelates—one of lay, the other of ecclesiastical investiture. Its ultimate effect was to render the church completely dependent upon the state, and to change and corrupt its very source with the varying vices of libertine despots. It was found (and how could it be otherwise) that the protegés of the emperor studied only how to please him; and that, in serving the state and the prince, they became indifferent to the church. Selected to serve a particular purpose, or chosen in consideration of a valuable donation, the lay nominee had been sure to fulfil the object for which he was elevated, or to indulge the avarice or ambition which had craved the appointment. It was in attempting to remedy this fatal innovation that Gregory found himself repeatedly thwarted by Henry; and yet he has been censured by those who lament the worldliness of a portion of the medieval clergy, for striking at the root of the evil.

After repeated provocation, the arm of the pope is uplifted to strike; but Henry,

* The following summary is extracted from Voigt's Life and Pontificate of Pope Gregory VII. The difficulty of doing justice to this admirable work, is only surpassed by the difficulty that its author, though a Protestant, confesses to have found in doing justice to his hero.

awed by his menaces, and by an insurrection in Saxony, hastens to avert the blow by an unreserved submission and the fairest promises. He confesses, not only to have meddled in ecclesiastical matters, but to have unjustly stripped churches of their pastors—to have sold them to unworthy objects polluted with simony, whose very ordination was questionable—and implores the pope to begin the reform with the cathedral of Milan, which is in schism by his fault.

Gregory pardons him; and, in 1074, holds his first council at Rome against simony and the incontinence of the clergy. It was in this year that Henry, already pressed by the Saxons and Thuringians, found himself threatened by Salomon, king of Hungary. In this emergency he has recourse to Gregory, who, by an eloquent letter, calms the indignant Hungarian.

With the year following the campaign against Saxony begins. This brave but turbulent people had risen against the towns in possession of Henry, and burned the magnificent cathedral at Hartzburg. Here again the pope secured to the king the powerful assistance of Rodolph, duke of Suabia, in conjunction with whom the royal army obtains a decisive victory at Hohenburg. But once in security and crowned with success, the graceless monarch forgets his submission, and exclaims, "it does not befit a hero, who has vanquished a warlike people, struggling in defence of what they hold most sacred, to bow humbly down before a priest, whose only weapon is his tongue!" Faithless to his recorded vow in the hour of danger, he nominates Henry, canon of Verdun, to fill the see vacated by the bishop of Liege; and, soon after, calls to the see of Milan Theodald, his own chaplain, in place of the murdered Herlembaud. Thus repeatedly deceived, Gregory must strike at last, or sacrifice the independence of the church of God to human weakness.

It was in the pause between these new indignities and the consecration of Hidolphe in the archbishopric of Cologne, that Father Omehr and Gilbert rode slowly on toward the castle of Hers.

The conversation naturally turned from the consideration of impending evils, to the miserable feud actually existing between the houses of Hers and Stramen.

"I sincerely wish it were ended," said Gilbert, in reply to a vehement denunciation just pronounced by his companion—"I could willingly forgive all the injuries I have received at their hands, when I remember the kindness of the Lady Margaret."

The priest looked quickly up in the young man's face, but Gilbert was gazing with an abstracted air upon the blue outline of the beautiful lake of Constance, which just began to appear to the south.

"It were far better," he said, commanding the youth's attention by taking his hand—"it were far better to forgive them when you remember the prayer of your dying Jesus for his persecutors, than out of gratitude to the ordinary courtesy of a pitying damsel."

Gilbert made no direct reply, nor did he return the glance of his friend, which he well knew was upon him.

"I could wish," he began, after a considerable pause, "before leaving your hospitable roof, to have expressed to the Lady Margaret my deep sense of the interest she deigned to display in my regard, and which I fear has done more to soften my feelings towards her father, than the nobler and holier motive you have mentioned."

There was a humility in this that pleased the good missionary; but he saw with pain and uneasiness the direction which the ardent mind of the youth was evidently taking, and instantly rejoined—

"Did you know the Lady Margaret better you would spare yourself that regret. In her charitable attention to your wants, she overcame a natural repugnance to yourself. She would rather miss, than receive, any return you can make, and is always more inclined to set a proper value

upon the solid and eternal recompense of God, than attach any importance to the empty and interested gratitude of man."

Gilbert's eyes were bent again upon the lake of Constance. They were now at the foot of a long, high hill, which they began to ascend in silence. Gilbert pressed his horse rather swiftly up the gradual ascent, and they soon gained the summit.

"What is the Danube to that splendid lake!" cried the mercurial stripling;—"and what is there in all the lordship of Stramen to vie with this!"

The view now opened might excuse his excitement, even in a less interested person. The castle of Hers, though built for strength, presented a very different appearance from that of Stramen: its outline was light and graceful, and it seemed rather to lift up than cumber the tall hill that it so elegantly crowned. It was situated upon the border of the lake, which, by Trouvere and Troubadour, in song and in verse, in every age and in every clime, has been so justly celebrated. A few miles to the south-west the mighty Rhine came tumbling in; who, as the German poets say, scorns to mingle his mountain stream with the quiet waters of the lake. We will attempt no further description, for fear of spoiling a finer picture, which must already exist in the eye of the reader, created by more skilful hands.

As the horsemen neared the castle, they saw a knight followed by a few men, dashing down the hill. Gilbert knew his father, and hastened to meet him. Their meeting was manly and cordial. The baron stopped but to embrace his son, and hastened to welcome Father Omehr. He dismounted, and imprinted a kiss upon the old man's still vigorous hand.

"I should be childless now," he said, "but for your kindness—and you know that words would but mock my feelings."

The tears in the baron's eyes seemed to express himself better than a long oration.

Father Omehr only replied with a laugh—"you must blame your son's indiscretion, and not applaud me!" Thus saved from a formal and unsatisfactory conversation, the knight remounted his horse and led the way to the castle.

Upon the slope of the hill, half way between the castle and the lake, was a chapel built of white stone, which had stood there, according to tradition, from the ninth century. It was said to have been erected by Charlemagne, on his second expedition against the Saxons. The baron of Hers had ornamented and repaired it with much taste and at great expense, until it was celebrated throughout the circle of Suabia for its richness and elegance. It had been dedicated to Mary the Morning Star, as appeared from a statue of the Blessed Virgin surmounted with a star, and was called the Pilgrims' Chapel. It was in charge of Herman, a priest, who had studied at Monte Cassino under the Benedictines, with Father Omehr, whom he loved like a brother. They had spent the long purgation and been ordained together; and, for forty years, they had labored in the same vineyard, side by side, yet seldom meeting. When they did meet, however, it was with the joy and chastened affection which only the pure-minded and truly religious can know; and they would recall with tears of happiness the scenes of other days—the splendid convent, whose church shone like a grotto of jewels and precious stones*—the learned and devout monk, and the theological difficulties over which they had triumphed hand in hand.

After taking some slight refreshment, (for the baron could ill brook a refusal of his cheer), Father Omehr left the father and son to each other, and began to descend the path to the chapel. Herman had gone to administer the last sacraments to a distant parishioner. Father Omehr knelt down in the chapel and awaited his return. It did not seem long before his brother missionary entered through the sacristy and knelt beside him. The little

* Digby's Ages of Faith, vol. i, p. 422.

chapel was very beautiful, with its branching pillars, supporting clusters of angels carved in stone—the images of the saints served to awaken many fine emotions—and the principal statue of Our Lady, which the artist had designed to represent the immaculate purity of the Mother of God—gave an indescribable sweetness to that consecrated spot: but more beautiful still, and more acceptable to God, were the two holy men who, bent with age and grown gray in the service of a heavenly Master, bowed down together before the altar of the Most High, and for a time forgot each other in the contemplation of the majesty and infinite goodness of him they served.

At length they rose; and when in the open air gave way to the impulse of human love, which until then had yielded to a loftier feeling.

There was a room in the castle of Hers in which Herman spent the hours not required for the active duties of his ministry; and to this the two friends retired. There, for more than an hour, they discussed topics of mutual interest—compared the condition of their flocks—and wandered back to Naples and Monte Cassino. The introduction of this last subject seemed to remind Herman of something he had forgotten; for he started up and went to a shelf, which was filled with extracts he had been permitted to make from the celebrated library of the convent, and taking down a small piece of parchment, gave it to his companion. It was an illuminated manuscript of the "Salve Regina," a hymn that is worth all the epics ever written.

"It was sent me yesterday across the lake by a Benedictine monk," he said, when Father Omehr had finished reading, and raised his eyes in wonder and delight.

"And who has written it?"

"A namesake of mine—a Benedictine. It was not seen until after his death, when the manuscript was discovered in his cell. What is more remarkable, is that the monk was distinguished for nothing but his piety, and had never made any pretension to learning or accomplishment."

Much to the surprise of Herman, his friend, though deeply moved by that beautiful effusion of Catholic piety, seemed not to give the entire attention which it so eminently deserved.

"Listen!" he said, repeating the lines, "what melody! what tenderness! what love! You certainly must feel its exalted piety?" he added, appealing to Father Omehr.

"I do, indeed; but you perceive that I am disturbed. In brief, then—for I could not bring myself to say it until now—Anno of Cologne is dead!"

Anno, archbishop of Cologne, was revered throughout Europe in the eleventh century for his virtue and wisdom. It is said of him that, when others slept, he rose, filled with a holy zeal, and visited many churches, carrying with him his pious offerings. In the halls of kings, says the poet who celebrates his virtues, he sat with the haughtiness of the lion; in the hut of the peasant, he stood with the humility of a lamb.* So obnoxious was he to the king, that Henry at one time assaulted him sword in hand; and he was only saved from death by the interposition of a monk.† Alone, he founded five monasteries, including that of Siegberg, his favorite residence, where he died, and where his tomb was long pointed out to the traveller. He was said to have emitted a light, the splendor and beauty of which spread around like the lustre of a precious stone in a ring of gold.

"O God, the giver of all!" exclaimed Herman, after a pause, "in taking him to thyself do not leave us desolate!"

Father Omehr then described the fearful ulcers which had tormented his body, and the celestial visions and brilliant apparitions that delighted his soul and foreshadowed the bliss awaiting him in the life to come.

* Voight, vol. ii, p. 94.
† Ibid. vol. i, p. 160.

"But let us not weep for him whose epitaph is in the mouths of the widow and the orphan, and whose soul is in the hand of God!" said the pious chaplain of Hers, grasping the hand of his friend.

"Not for him I weep," was the reply; "nor yet for the bereaved people of Cologne." The missionary paused, unable to proceed, and then hurriedly exclaimed, "who is to be his successor? Who is to appoint him?—Gregory the VII or Henry of Austria?"

"He will not dare!" ejaculated the other, who not until this moment clearly understood his more keen-sighted friend.

"He who has dared to fill the sees of Liege and Milan may not scruple to pollute the see of Cologne! But let us pray and hope; for suffer what we may, we cannot be conquered."

This long interview was here terminated by the bell of the Benedicite,* summoning to dinner. The baron of Hers was noted for his fine person and polished address, and saluted them with even more than his usual politeness as they entered the dining room. He was the only one of the group who seemed at ease; for the two missionaries could not forget the death of Anno—and Gilbert, from some cause or other, had lost his sprightliness.

"I fear," said the knight to Father Omehr, "that you have half made a traitor of Gilbert, for he will no longer let me abuse my friends at Stramen, but sides with them against me. It is hard to fight our battles all alone, and against our friends, after forty."

"The Lady Margaret, who dressed his wound, must be blamed—not I," replied the priest.

The handsome face of the baron of Hers, in an instant, became black as night, and as quickly recovered its former mildness; but the change, apparently, was not noticed by him who had caused it.

"I have heard," resumed the knight, in a careless tone, "that the young lady possesses much virtue, intelligence, and beauty; and is wise enough to prefer the cloister to the court."

"You have not been misinformed; yet her health is so feeble, that the grave will probably anticipate her choice of either."

It was not until the close of the meal that the lord of Hers was informed of the death of the archbishop of Cologne, and from that time, until they rose, the conversation turned wholly upon the venerated and saintly prelate.

Towards sunset they descended the hill and walked along the picturesque banks of the lake. The noble sheet of water stretched away to the south far as the eye could reach, burnished by the sun and forming part of the horizon.

"This lake of ours," said the baron, has obtained a reputation which the best man cannot expect—and, indeed, would not desire: no one has ever breathed a word against it."

"There is a boat!" interposed Gilbert, pointing to a speck in the distance, which his father discovered after a long search, and was invisible to their two older companions. They stood in the shadow of some trees, and watched the object as it increased in size and gradually assumed the undeniable outline of a boat. It came from the direction of Zurich, and pointed directly to the castle. As it neared, they could distinguish four stout rowers and a person seated in the stern. With increased speed it seemed—for it was now within hailing distance—the boat darted straight to where they were standing; and, before it was made fast, the gentleman in the stern sprang ashore and, removing the cloak in which he had been enveloped, discovered the princely features of Rodolph, duke of Suabia.

Rodolph was descended from the counts of Hapsburg, on the father's side—and on the mother's, from the illustrious family of Otto the great.* He was styled king

* Digby's Ages of Faith, vol. i, p. 29. The bell of the Benedicite was rung before each meal.

* Voigt, vol. i, p. 324.

of Arles, and resided for the most part at Zurich. He was connected with Henry of Austria by a double tie: Matilda, his first wife, having been the sister of the king, and Adelaide, to whom he was then married, being the sister of the queen. But, though thus allied to Henry, he neither loved nor respected him. Once, indeed, the emperor had summoned him to court, on the charge of entertaining projects hostile to the house of Franconia; but Rodolph, well knowing the treacherous character of the monarch, and always a hero, boldly refused, preferring the fortune of arms to the fate of an investigation. Subsequently, filled with horror at the impiety of the Saxons in burning the cathedral at Hartzburg, hallowed by numerous relics and filled with the rich offerings of the faithful, he had united with Henry to chastise their sacrilege. At the battle of Hohenburg, in the van—the privilege of Suabia—he distinguished himself above all others by his impetuous valor, and only left the field covered with wounds. Rodolph was equally remarkable for the size and beauty of his person and the elevation of his soul. The Teutonic Antiquities contain many songs of the Minnesingers, in which he is invested with all the qualities of mind and heart and body that can adorn the knight: but one fault is imputed to him—ambition. His subjects almost worshipped him; and his power is said to have been built upon their hearts. So conspicuous was he among his brother dukes, that, at the diet of Gerstungen, in 1073, he had been offered the imperial crown; but he declined it unless awarded by the unanimous suffrages of the confederation.

Between him and the baron of Hers a close friendship of long standing had existed, which had been interrupted by the baron's refusal to accompany him the preceding year in the expedition against Saxony. This refusal had been dictated by the knight's invincible repugnance to Henry, and by the politic motive of conciliating all who opposed the emperor. Since the battle of Hohenburg they had not met.

After receiving the formal salutation due to his rank, Rodolph cordially embraced the lord of Hers and extended his regards to Gilbert, who could not sufficiently admire the hero of Hohenburg.

"But for your father's obstinacy," he said to the youth, "you would now be a knight. But I will see you win your spurs yet."

The greetings over, they all began to ascend the hill. The duke would not pass the chapel without entering. The pavement upon which they knelt had been worked with many a rich and curious device; but time and the knees of the faithful had worn away most of the finest tracery. At the foot of one of the columns still remained this fragment of an inscription:

"Hoc pavimentum————————feci
————————ductus amore Dei."

This was the spot on which the Duke loved to kneel. Before rising, he drew from under his robe a golden chalice and gave it to Herman, who was beside him. The priest took it and carried it to the sanctuary.

"I would almost give the decade of Jura," exclaimed Rodolph, as he approached the castle gate, "to know who made that superb pavement!"

"It resembles more the pavement of a cathedral than the simple floor of a chapel," said Father Omehr. "I wish we had such an one to our little church at Stramen."

"Trust that to your successor," replied the Duke, "you have given him the walls, the pillars, the windows and the roof, and are well entitled to a pavement and alabaster altar at his hands."

They were now at the gate, into which were cut two niches containing statues of SS. Victor and Apollinare. The bars which yielded to every stranger and to every peasant flew open before the high born group, and the almoner, as he recognised the duke, bent his knee in

reverence. They mounted a heavy flight of stairs, and, traversing an arched gallery, were ushered into the principal hall. This large room was hung with solemn tapestry, reaching from the ceiling to the floor. The characteristic piety of these ages displayed itself in the beautiful recesses in the walls, adapted to the reception of holy water, and in the devices upon the floor and ceiling, which always conveyed some pious meaning. The walls were covered with paintings, chiefly relating to the exploits of the lords of Hers, or filled up with heraldic blazonry.

In the cathedral or in the castle, in the monastery or in the chapel, durability was the principal object of the architect. It is true that the genius of the age contrived to combine the greatest strength with the greatest elegance; but durability was the great end. The pious men of the middle ages did not erect mere shells, which, though sufficient for their own brief lives, would crumble over their posterity; but, with a charity of which Protestantism is unhappily ignorant, looked to the wants of future generations. For this reason it is unfair to estimate, as Cobbett does in his History of the Reformation, the population of England from the size of her churches. Catholics in the ages of faith built not for themselves alone, but for posterity; and the monk who sketched the ground line of the cathedral did not regulate its extent by what was the population of the neighborhood, but by what would be. We must remember that it was the church that built the town—not the town the church. The selfishness of Protestantism and the benevolence of Catholicity are thus strikingly displayed in their architecture. And, then, there was a reliance upon posterity which is neither felt nor warranted now. Thus, in the minor church of the Nativity in the lordship of Stramen, which had been designed by Father Omehr, and which had exhausted the revenues of the barony, the missionary had conceived it upon a scale to which his present means were insufficient, but to which the charity of another generation would be adequate. This was always the case with the cathedrals. Even the castles themselves had so many rooms set apart for recluses and wanderers, that it was easy to convert them into monasteries; and the castle of Hers, with very little alteration, would have made an excellent convent.

Rodolph was about to throw himself into one of the large high-back chairs of state; but yielding a graceful respect to the aged priests, he motioned them to be seated and placed himself between them.

"You are rather pale, my lord duke, from your wounds," said the baron, as an attendant entered with some wine cups—"and I beg you to accept from my son a draught of the vintage you used to relish!"

Rodolph received the goblet from the youth, and replied as he raised it to his lips—"How I missed you at Hohenburg!"

"I would have given my lordship," returned the baron, "to have seen you outstripping all the chivalry of Austria, and charging where none dared to follow!"

"My fair cousin, the margrave Udo, would have atoned for the thrust at my face, which made me see more stars than were ever created, had you been at my side."

"But to aid you was to assist Henry; and I was loth to break our league with Saxony."

"That league was merely defensive, and *they* broke it by aggression and sacrilege."

"But we could not punish their crime without strengthening the power of that greater criminal, the emperor."

"You acted uncharitably," said the duke; "but you judged aright, and I have forgiven you."

"For which, my liege," replied the baron, "I cannot be too grateful!"

"Listen!" continued the king of Arles: "ye true pastors of the church of God,

and you Albert of Hers, that Henry of Austria has nominated a successor to Anno of Cologne!"

At this announcement Herman and the knight sprang to their feet, whilst their looks expressed their horror and surprise. But Father Omehr kept his seat, and said calmly—

"Will your highness inform us more fully?"

The duke resumed: "A messenger, post haste from Goslar, brought me the news this morning at Zurich. Henry refused to meet the pope in council to take measures for the purification of Milan, Firmano, and Spoleto, and has thus replied to the threat of excommunication. The nominee is Hidolph, who is attached to his own chapel, a man of no merit whatever, but devoted to the emperor; and whose principal endeavor it has been, to remedy by art the unprepossessing exterior which nature has given him."

"I know him," said Father Omehr.—"Is he yet consecrated?"

"No! All Germany is indignant at the choice, and the people of Cologne are imploring the monarch to make another appointment."

"It will serve but to confirm the nomination," said the priest of Stramen.

"What remains to his holiness?" inquired Rodolph.

Slowly and solemnly the missionary pronounced the single word—

"Excommunication!"

"Henry is preparing for it!" exclaimed the duke, rising and addressing the lord of Hers; "he convened at Goslar all who respected his summons—among whom was the duke of Bohemia: and he has liberated Otto of Nordheim, my adversary at Hohenburg, and received him into his most secret councils. It must *come*, my friend!" he added, grasping the baron's hand—"we shall not be separated here; and, if I mistake not, we have in Gilbert one who is not to be awed by the lion of Franconia!"

Father Omehr beheld with sorrow the meaning glances of the proud nobles as they eagerly joined hands; and he read in the animated features of the hero of Hohenburg that the impending excommunication would be the signal for a revolt. He rose, and, exchanging a few words in an under tone with Herman, explained the necessity he was under of returning at once to the castle of Stramen.

"I will accompany you," said the duke, "if you will delay your departure a few minutes."

"Father Omehr expressed his assent and retired to the chapel with Herman, leaving the two knights in close converse. Gilbert ran to order the best horse for the duke, and to see that his venerable benefactor should want nothing to carry him safely over the intervening hills. After exchanging many kind adieus, Rodolph and the missionary, near the close of twilight, started for the castle of Stramen.

THE IRISH CHURCH ALWAYS ROMAN CATHOLIC.

Translated from the Italian for this Magazine.*

HE celebrated Usher, Protestant archbishop of Armagh, a man of learning, but whose character was disfigured by his duplicity and hostility to the Catholic church, perceiving that the Irish people could not be induced, either by promises or threats, to renounce their ancient faith, flattered himself that he would succeed in withdrawing them from it, by openly declaring that the doctrine of the papal supremacy was a novelty, introduced into Ireland by the English when they first conquered the country; that, before this period, the Irish church had never acknowledged any dependence upon Rome—but, like the modern church of England, had been complete in itself, and unconnected with the other churches of Christendom. Many other Protestant writers have loudly reëchoed this opinion, among whom it will be sufficient to mention Mantova,† bishop of Down and Conner; and, more recently, Mr. Palmer,‡ the learned professor of Oxford. These writers, it seems, advanced this absurd opinion in the hope of deriving some support from the obscurity in which the ravages of the Danes, and the times of war and persecution, together with other causes, have involved the history of Ireland. But they have vainly endeavored to escape the light of truth: for it can be proved by direct and the clearest evidence, as well as by indirect arguments drawn from the communion of the Irish with other Christian churches, that they always held the doctrine of the papal supremacy.*

It is well known that Ireland is indebted to St. Patrick for the glorious light of the Gospel, and for having dispelled from its borders the darkness of ignorance and paganism. But from whom did St. Patrick receive his mission? Had he any relations with Rome? Did he teach his spiritual children the doctrine of the papal supremacy? These questions are plainly answered by his life and actions. After his elevation to the priesthood, when he conceived the generous and holy design of devoting himself to the conversion of a people, among whom he had suffered while a youth all the hardships of slavery, his first step was to solicit the approbation and sanction of St. Celestine, who was then seated in the chair of Peter. All the old chronicles of Ireland—all the ancient biographies of St. Patrick, as that of Probus and others—are unanimous on this point. It is also distinctly made known to us by the great St. Columban, in his letter to Boniface IV, which we shall presently quote. Henry of Auxerre relates the same fact, more particularly, in his life of St. German. "Patrick," he says, "was referred to Celestine by German, who sent his priest Segetius with him, in order to acquaint the holy see with his distinguished merit. Having received the approbation of the pope, and after being clothed with the necessary powers, and strengthened with the benediction of his holiness, he departed for the shores of Ireland." The author whom we have just quoted was a disciple of

* From a discourse of Mgr. Cullen, published in the *Annali delle Scienze Religiose.*

† Ecclesiastical History of Ireland, vol. i, p. 3, where he says that the church in that country was independent until the end of the twelfth century. ‡ Ibid. p. 72.

* See the church histories of Lanigan and Carew, and Rock's Letter to Lord John Manners.

Iona, a native of Ireland, who was celebrated for the direction of schools in France under Charles the bald, and was afterwards bishop of Angouleme. He also met with many other Irishmen who were in France at that period; and, consequently, he enjoyed the most ample facilities for obtaining an accurate knowledge of the Irish church and of St. Patrick's history. After such formal testimony, who can deny that Ireland is indebted to the holy see for the services of her great apostle?

We deem it unnecessary to examine the assertion of Ledwich, and some other Protestant antiquaries, who contend that the first heralds of the Gospel in Ireland came from Greece, and introduced into that country their own views of ecclesiastical independence. In the first place, this hypothesis is a mere dream, without the slightest foundation in history: and, then, we might well ask, where was the Greek church in the fifth century that did not plainly acknowledge the primacy of the holy see? St. Patrick, therefore, derived his mission from the successors of St. Peter, and commenced his apostolic labors with their sanction and benediction. It was this blessing that gave efficiency to his efforts, and crowned his zeal with such a rich harvest of souls. Without this he would have toiled in vain; his words would have been so many ineffectual sounds, like those of the numerous Protestant missionaries, who travel over the world without being sent, without the true spirit of the apostleship; who succeed, perhaps, in seducing some loose Catholic from the faith, but are totally unable to establish among heathen nations the doctrines of Jesus Christ. Devoid of faith themselves, shut out from the brilliant rays of truth, unvivified by the spiritual fountains of the church, how can they impart to others that light and life which they have need of? "Divide the ray from the sun," says St. Cyprian, "and there is no longer any light: separate the branch from the tree, and it ceases to be fruitful: cut off the stream from its source, and it will dry up."*

St. Patrick not only received his mission and jurisdiction from the pope—he impressed upon his spiritual children, whom he had begotten in Christ, that duty of obedience and filial devotion which the holy see, in virtue of its divine institution, had a right to expect. With this view, it was decreed in a synod which he held, that difficult questions which might arise in the course of time should be referred to the chair of Peter. *Si quæ quæstiones in hac insula oriantur, ad sedem apostolicam referantur.*† This canon has been mentioned by Ware and the learned Benedictine Dachéry, and is found also in the different collections of ecclesiastical councils. St. Cummian, an Irish writer of the seventh century, cites another similar decree, which he attributes to an ancient synod, and which indicates the doctrine and practice of the Irish church. *Ut si quæ causæ fuerint majores, juxta decretum synodicum, ad caput urbium sint referendæ.*‡

Usher mentions another canon of the church of Armagh, which, although not enacted by St. Patrick, is of an ancient date, and shows the tradition which the saint committed to his church. *Quæcumque causa difficilis exorta fuerit, atque ignota cunctis Scotorum gentium judiciis, ad cathedram archiepiscopi Hibernensium est referenda. Si vero in illa facile sanari non poterit talis causa, ad sedem apostolicam decrevimus esse mittendam, id est, ad Petri cathedram habentem auctoritatem urbis Romæ.*§ That the Irish church, in fine, on this and every other point, was in har-

* De Unit. Eccl.

† Lanigan, vol. ii, p. 388—"If any questions arise in this island, let them be referred to the apostolic see."

‡ Usher, Syl. Vet. Epist. Hibern., p. 17—"If any grave causes occur, let them, according to synodical decrees, be referred to the chief city."

§ "If any difficult case occur, not understood by the tribunals of the Irish people, it shall be referred to the archiepiscopal see of Ireland. But if the case cannot easily be settled there, we decree that it shall be submitted to the apostolic see—that is, the chair of Peter, which has the authority of the city of Rome."—*Lanigan, p. 39.*

mony with the teaching of other churches appears still further from ancient collections of canons that have reached us. Theiner, in his celebrated work on canons and decretals, page 278, refers to two of these collections—one of which is in the Vatican library, and the other in the Vallicellian, and which contain many quotations from the ancient Irish writers, as well as various decretals of popes. But it is plain from what has been said, that the first apostle of Ireland and the fathers of the councils which were held by him, or shortly after his time, inculcated the necessity of an entire dependence on the holy see, and its possession of supreme authority in ecclesiastical affairs.

The spirit of St. Patrick was transmitted to his disciples, who always had recourse to the chair of Peter for the removal of their doubts and difficulties. Of this the life of St. Columban furnishes a remarkable instance. After having founded the monastery of Luxeuil, in France, where he edified all by the splendor of his virtues, a controversy arose between him and certain bishops regarding the time of celebrating Easter. St. Columban adhered to an erroneous computation which he had learned in Ireland, while they contended for the practice observed at Rome. But how did St. Columban act in this case? In whom did he believe the right of settling the question to reside? In no other than the Roman pontiff. He addressed two letters to St. Gregory the great, laying before him his views, and requesting his authorization to follow without molestation the usages of his own country. Columban had not the consolation of receiving an answer from his holiness, for, having heard that the impious Brunehault had a design upon his life, he was obliged to leave his monastery and to fly from France. Some time after this he visited the more hospitable soil of Italy, and continued the monastic life at Bobbio.* But here he met with new difficulties, the question of the Three Chapters being at that time warmly discussed in Lombardy, and the faithful very much divided upon the subject.* To put an end to these dissensions, and to obtain a safe rule for guidance, St. Columban deemed it necessary again to consult the successor of Peter. The letter which he wrote on this occasion, and which is still extant,† is a striking monument of Ireland's ancient faith. No title of honor, no prerogative of jurisdiction, does he withhold from the sovereign pontiff. He calls him the illustrious head of all the churches, and the pastor of pastors, declaring also that he is the only hope of the faithful, while he alone possesses the power of settling the difficulties which then disturbed the peace of the church. In thus recognising the supreme power of the Roman pontiff, he exhibits the faith of himself and his countrymen; for he tells us that although they were situated at a great distance, they were always faithfully attached to the holy see, from which they had received the Christian doctrine, and that they had never suffered the contagion of heresy to introduce itself among them. "*Nullus hæreticus, nullus Judæus, nullus schismaticus fuit (apud nos): sed fides, sicut a vobis primum, sanctorum scilicet apostolorum successoribus, tradita est, inconcussa tenetur. . . . Nos enim ut ante dixi, devincti sumus cathedræ Petri; licet enim Roma magna est et vulgata,* PER ISTAM CATHEDRAM TANTUM APUD NOS EST MAGNA ET CLARA."‡ What he then asserted of Ireland's freedom from the abetting of heresy, may be said of her to the present day; for she has given birth to no heresiarch, to none of those authors or patrons

* St. Columban was the founder of the celebrated monastery of Bobbio.

* The *Three Chapters* were three works condemned in the second council of Constantinople, as being favorable to the Nestorian heresy.

† Gallandi, Bibl. PP. t. XII, p. 319; and elsewhere.

‡ "Among us there has been no heretic, no Jew, no schismatic: but the faith, which was first delivered by you, the successors of the holy apostles, is firmly maintained. . . . . For, as I have already said, we are bound to the chair of Peter. Rome, indeed, is great and celebrated; but *with us the chair of Peter alone renders it great and illustrious.*"

of error that in modern times have infested all the northern countries of Europe. He tells us that she received the faith from the church of Rome, and was always closely united with it; thus confirming what we have said about the mission of St. Patrick from Pope Celestine. In short, he speaks so plainly of the high rank and authority of the Roman pontiff, that it would be difficult to quote a writer who could be compared with him in this respect. But St. Columban, when he left Ireland, was of mature age, and had a number of monks under his direction: he uttered his opinions freely in all his writings, and was moreover much attached to the institutions of his own country; circumstances which impart considerable weight to his testimony in regard to the faith of the Irish church. There can be no doubt that the sentiments which he held on the subject of the Roman primacy, were those also of the monasteries over which he presided, and of which he was considered the brightest ornament; and it is impossible to read the declarations of the saint as we have cited them, without being convinced that the doctrine of the papal supremacy had, from the very remotest period, been held by the Irish people.

About the time of Columban, and, more particularly, after the arrival of St. Augustin and his companions in England, a controversy arose respecting the day on which the festival of Easter should be celebrated, and the history of this controversy furnishes additional evidences of the exercise of the papal supremacy, and of the respectful submission with which the Irish people received its decisions. Venerable Bede informs us, that Pope Honorius addressed a letter to them, urging them to conform to the general practice of the church: and we learn from the same historian, that Pope John also wrote to the Irish people on the same subject. The letter of the last mentioned pontiff was in answer to an application made to the holy see by Tumman, archbishop of Armagh, and other bishops, who did not question the authority of Rome in the decision of this question. The intervention of the pope was not unavailing. In this, as in a multitude of other cases, it exemplifies the advantage of a supreme authority for healing the wounds of discord, and preventing the unhappy effects of schism. Long before the time of Bede, as he informs us, had the south of Ireland listened to the admonition of the sovereign pontiff, and conformed to the custom of the western church in regard to the celebration of Easter. Different synods were held in Ireland to render this uniformity of discipline general throughout the country. The fathers of the council held at Leighlin declared unanimously that they had been taught by their predecessors, to receive with humility the usages and observances that came to them from the fountain head of their spiritual good. *Ut meliora et potiora probata a fonte baptismi nostri et sapientiæ et successoribus apostolorum Domini delata sine scrupulo humiliter sumeremus.*

When at a subsequent period the peace of the church was disturbed, what means were adopted by the Irish prelates to restore it? They decreed that, according to the synodical statutes, a commission consisting of wise and humble men should be despatched to the holy see, for the purpose of requesting its instructions—like children approaching their mother for advice: *tanquam nati ad matrem.** Such were the sentiments of affectionate regard which the Irish bishops expressed for the chair of Peter. The deputation which they sent to Rome returned after an absence of three years, and had the effect of settling the disputed question. In this way was amicably terminated a controversy which had produced no little excitement in the church, and had threatened at one time to result in the most serious consequences.

Despite the evidence, furnished by the above mentioned facts, in favor of the

* Apud Usher, Syl. Vet. Epist. Hibern., p. 23.

papal supremacy, Protestant writers have not failed to present a distorted view of them, for the purpose of combating the doctrine in question. Some among them have asserted, that the Irish clergy and the missionaries from Rome were entirely at variance with each other, and did not agree in the profession of the same faith. But this, as we have shown and will further prove, is unsupported by history. It cannot be denied that the questions discussed by the missionaries were agitated with considerable warmth, and much excitement was created in the minds of the disputants. But what was the cause of their difference? Did they disagree on the subject of faith? Were the Roman missionaries repulsed as intruders, or as if the bishop of Rome had not the power to send them on an embassy to Ireland? By no means. The dispute related only to points of discipline, particularly to the time of celebrating Easter* and to the form of the clerical tonsure. In all other matters they were of the same sentiment, and throughout the whole excitement of the controversy they never charged each other with errors of doctrine; nor did they break, in any way, the bonds of ecclesiastical communion. This appears clearly from the venerable Bede, who tells us, that during the life of Aidan, the Irish apostle of Northumbria, the paschal controversy was "patiently tolerated by all;" and, also, that he was deservedly esteemed by all who differed with him in opinion on that subject, principally by the Roman missionaries: "*nec solum a mediocribus, verum ab ipsis quoque episcopis, Honorio Cantuariorum, et Felice Orientalium Anglorum venerationi habitus est.*"† It is plain, therefore, that the bishops from Rome and St. Aidan were united in the profession of the same faith.

The conference which took place at Whitby, in the year 664, in the presence of Oswin, king of Northumbria, between Colman, an Irish bishop, and Wilfrid, an Anglo-Saxon, throws an additional light upon this question. Colman was defending his views of the Easter observance from the authority of St. Columba and other Irish saints, while Wilfrid advocated the discipline of Rome, which was confirmed, he said, by St. Peter, to whom our Saviour had granted the keys of the kingdom of heaven. The king, perceiving that the discussion was growing long, took occasion from the scriptural passage quoted by Wilfrid to ask Colman, whether Christ had really given this power of the keys to Peter? to which Colman answered affirmatively. The king then inquired of him, whether Christ had committed any such power as this to St. Columba, in whom he placed so much confidence? Colman did not hesitate to admit that Peter alone had received that power, and that no prerogative of the kind had been conferred upon Columba. Upon which the king asked them both, whether they coincided in the belief that the words of Scripture above mentioned had been addressed to St. Peter, and that the keys of the kingdom of heaven had been entrusted to him? Having received an affirmative reply, he very agreeably terminated the debate, observing that he could not consent to place himself in opposition to him who held the keys of heaven, but would conform in all things to the orders of him and his successors—lest, when he presented himself for admission into the celestial kingdom, no one would be found to open the door, if St. Peter, who had the keys, were unwilling.* This relation proves, that they who differed upon the question of

* Bede, *Hist. Ec.* l. 3, 4, informs us that all were agreed as to the observance of Easter on *Sunday;* which shows that the point in dispute arose from different modes of computation, and had nothing to do with doctrine. He tells us, also, that the Irish made no cause with the *Quartodecimans.*

† "Held in veneration not only by the common people, but also by Honorius, bishop of Canterbury, and Felix, bishop of the Eastern Angles."

* "Et ego vobis dico, quia hic est ostiarius ille cui contradicere nolo: sed in quantum novi vel valeo, hujus cupio in omnibus obedire statutis, ne forte, me adveniente ad fores regni cœlorum, non sit qui reseret, averso illo qui claves tenere probatur."—*Bede, lib.* 3, *c.* 25.

the paschal observance, were perfectly united on points of doctrine. The advocates of Irish usages were certainly much excited, while they entertained the profoundest regard for the customs of their fathers, and recalled with peculiar veneration the memory of their illustrious Columba. But in all the heat of debate, with all their aversion for what they deemed an innovation—with all their zeal for the maintenance of their ancient customs—they never called in question the supreme authority of the pope, however opposed to their preconceived opinions; so that every difficulty was removed—they bowed with humble submission to the successor of Peter by the adoption of the Roman usage in the observance of the paschal solemnity, and the uniformity of ecclesiastical discipline was preserved.

TO BE CONTINUED.

MISSIONS OF OCEANIA.

ASSASSINATION OF MONSEIGNEUR EPALLE BY THE SAVAGES OF MELANASIA.

From a letter in the Annals of the Propagation of the Faith.

"St. Christoval Island (Solomon's Archipelago),
"Port St. Mary, *March 2d*, 1846.

HIS lordship John Baptist Epalle, born at Marlhes, (diocess of Lyons), on the 8th of March, 1809, after having for nearly four years discharged the duties of the apostolic ministry in New Zealand, where his lordship Dr. Pompallier had named him as his pro-vicar, returned to Europe towards the end of the year 1842, on the affairs of that mission. He was named vicar-apostolic of Melanasia and Micronasia, and consecrated at Rome bishop of Sion, on the 21st July, 1844. He took his leave of France on the 2d January, 1845, and of Europe on the 2d February of the same year, at which time, being at the head of seven missionaries and six brothers, he sailed from London in order to repair to Sydney.

"After a voyage of ten months, his lordship Dr. Epalle entered his vicariate, on the 1st of December, 1845. On that day we saw St. Christoval, a little island situated at the south-eastern end of Solomon's group, and as a sign of his taking possession of it in the name of the most Holy Virgin, conceived without sin, his lordship threw into the sea a medal of the immaculate conception.

"On the following day we cast anchor in a port still unknown, situated in the 171st degree east longitude, and at 10 degrees 13 minutes south latitude. It appeared worthy of attention: it was a kind of bay, around which we perceived several windings of the coast in the form of harbors. We discovered here and there several habitations grouped together, and forming a kind of European village. The canoes of the natives soon arrived in such large numbers, that we might easily have supposed that the population of the neighborhood must be at least from six to seven hundred souls. We studied for the space of two days the customs, language, and dispositions of this people. His lordship, accompanied by two missionaries, and attended by three or four sailors, coasted the whole of the haven, in order to find

out what resources it might afford for an establishment of missionaries.

"At the conclusion of this survey, and after all the observations made on board and on land, by the crew and ourselves, we considered that we could state on some good grounds that the soil of Saint Christoval was fertile; that there were to be found in it springs of fresh water, but probably no large rivers, the country being too much intersected by little hills, without ever showing a chain of any extent: there was not to be seen in it any plain, any grass, which rendered it very difficult to form an agricultural establishment of any extent. On the other hand, the dispositions of the inhabitants did not appear to be hostile.

"We felt inclined to settle ourselves in this island; but strong reasons made us desire a more central point. His lordship therefore announced his intention of leaving it, and on the morning of the 6th we weighed anchor.

"On the 12th, after having sailed slowly along the western coast of *Gaudalcanar*, we came in sight of Isabella, the most considerable of Solomon's Isles. We were at the entrance of the bay of *A Thousand Ships*. The people of the nearest tribes came in crowds; they were about one hundred and thirty in number, in sixty canoes. From their shrill and piercing cries, and the quickness of their gestures, it was easy to discover in them a people full of energy and vivacity. The cleverness which they exhibited in the first exchanges made between the crew and them, showed us that they were accustomed to be visited by ships. Perceiving that we steered our course towards a point rather distant from their tribes, they hastened to invite us by their voices and gestures to come ashore among themselves. We pointed out to them the *Astrolabe* harbor as the place where we wished to stop. They immediately repeated the sign which we had just made, and while showing to us the neighborhood of the place pointed out, they all shouted, striking their hand, *Mat, mat! Mat, mat!* an expression which, according to the interpretation of his lordship, signifies the same thing in the greater number of the islands of Oceania, and always imports the idea of something bad, such as *wound, sickness, killing, death*. These warnings made little impression on us: his lordship merely thought that we were steering towards some unwholesome places, or, at the worst, towards a tribe hostile to that which we saw. At eleven o'clock we cast anchor at the mouth of the *Astrolabe* harbor.

"Immediately his lordship selected those from among us who were to accompany him on shore, in order to look out for a place fit for our first establishment. The captain, on his side, gave his instructions to the same effect. Mr. Blemy, the mate of the vessel, at the head of four rowers, was directed to attend the prelate wherever he wished to go: we had a whaler's boat. This being done, we set off. The sailors who escorted us took their guns and their cutlasses; as for our part, all our confidence was in God. On this and the following day we had visited the whole harbor and a part of St. George's Island. The result of our investigations led us to believe that Isabella was fertile and contained fresh water; but, like Christoval, it showed no plains, and no kind of pastures. The missionaries who remained on board gave also an account of their observations. All the natives who had come on board had appeared to them to be abundantly supplied with all the fruits already found in the other islands; moreover, they brought several which we had never seen before that day. The crew was again struck with the animation of their gestures and looks. They were always well armed; and, in addition to the lance and the head-breaker, which we had remarked in the hands of the other savages, we saw them always with their bow ready strung, holding in their hands bundles of poisoned arrows, and magnificent tortoise shell shields. Having been

questioned as to the manner of making use of their arms, they handled them on the deck with a frightful dexterity. They showed themselves ready to exchange for iron and hatchets any of their arms, with the exception of their shell bucklers, which they would not part with at any price, although they showed an extravagant wish, or rather a real madness, for iron and hatchets. We recognised among the ornaments of their attire several necklaces formed of human teeth. A boat, having a crew of three or four of the natives, came to the ship to propose the sale of a child for a hatchet; they explained very clearly that it would be good to eat. Perhaps, it was some wretched orphan whom they had carried away from their enemies. In a word, every one was of opinion that we ought to continue the survey.

"New facts were collected on the 15th by such of our colleagues as had remained on board. The natives had pointed out to them the friendly tribes, by telling them to go and rest there *(moé-moé)* without fear *(no mat-mat)*. But at the same time they had pointed out to them another part of the coast, while repeating *mat-mat*, and adding, *bad men are there;* from which every one concluded that there were there, in all likelihood, some savages at war with those who were visiting the ship; but could we be able to conclude from that, that they were more ill-disposed towards us? This was what nobody thought himself entitled to do. His lordship, to whom these accounts had been submitted, confined his remarks to saying: '*If they are at war, we shall endeavor to make peace between them.*' A day before he had also said these words: '*I see clearly that we are to begin with a bad people; but we will cut off the evil by the root.*'

"On the 16th his lordship, being fatigued with the voyage of the day before, had got up rather late. Having been informed that the boat was ready, and was only waiting for him to set off, he said—'*I should like very much to remain in the ship to-day; but I hope that we shall be back early.*' On that day he unsewed the green fringe from off his hat, in order not to excite the avarice of the natives. Mr. Blemy asked to what place he should steer? '*To the hostile tribe,*' his lordship answered him.

"At some paces from the shore, we saw opposite to us a kind of battalion of the natives standing on the strand. According as we drew nigh, some seemed to be frightened and retreated behind the trees which line the coast; the others, to the number of from fifty to sixty, remained standing still. We made signs to them, in order to induce them to come to meet us. Then an old man, with white beard and hair, came forward, trembling, towards our boat; he had in his hand the lance and head-breaker, and, while casting about us looks in which distrust and fear seemed to be pictured, he offered to us some fruit as a present. For this trifle a small bit of iron was given to him in return. At the same time his lordship, Father Frémont, Brother Prosper, and I, had landed. Mr. Blemy and two sailors also accompanied us; they left two of their number as a guard at the boat. Contrary to their custom, neither the officer nor his two sailors took their arms with them, being ashamed, as they afterwards said, to show less confidence than the bishop and his priests.

"However, the old man went forward into the crowd of the natives, and hastened to hand the iron he had received to a young man about twenty-five years of age, of a rather fair complexion, tall and well made, armed with a shield richly ornamented, a lance, and a head-breaker, and appearing to act the part of chief. This iron he looked at with contempt and disdain. Thinking to satisfy him, Mr. Blemy made a sign to him to come with him to the bark, and gave him a small hatchet, which he carried back proudly, holding it up in his hands like a head-breaker. At seeing this the savages repeated several times, '*keel-keel! keel-keel!*' (an expression which, in several islands, means all

kinds of iron instruments, such as knives, axes, &c.) In return for this, Mr. Blemy received a very bad lance, which he cast, as powerfully as he could, upon the sand, in order to show the natives that he too knew how to make use of this arm. Immediately the crowd uttered a cry, the meaning of which we were not able to discover.

"At this time the little troop of Europeans had approached pretty near to the group of savages; his lordship, Prosper, and I, together with a sailor, began, by means of some words which we knew, and some signs, to enter into a kind of conversation with those who happened to be nearest to us, while Father Frémont, Mr. Blemy, and another sailor, at a distance of about ten paces from us, were endeavoring to do the same. Father Frémont asked where were the houses? no answer: which were the chiefs? they pointed out several of them, all before him. Prosper complimented a chief on his fine head-breaker; he received in a gesture only a haughty reply. A young man perceiving his lordship's ring, immediately offered him in exchange for it two kinds of wild lemons, one of which was half eaten; there was a laugh at this, and a sailor added, 'these folks are no fools about the price of things!'

"While this little occurrence took place, Prosper remarked in the hand of a savage a European axe fastened at the top of the handle of a head-breaker. He immediately came to remark it to me. I likewise had already taken notice of another; I pointed it out with my finger to his lordship. One would say, then, that he savages observed that they were watched; their attitude became more menacing. Prosper said, 'why these people are ready to fight.' His lordship added: '*It is true; the sailors ought to have brought their arms with them;*' and he took some steps towards the boat, but he was already surrounded by half a score of the natives. Prosper and I saw immediately a heavy blow of an axe fall on the head of our bishop: it was given with both hands, and from behind, by a savage of a rather low size. At this blow, all the natives set up a horrible war cry. His lordship, still standing upright, uttered a cry of pain, putting both his hands to his head. The attack was now general; the assailants shared among them their victims; each of us perceived several head-breakers raised over us and ready to strike us; every one thought of taking to flight. Prosper, however, says that he saw a second blow of an axe struck, which laid his lordship on the ground. At the same time Mr. Blemy received also from behind a blow of the very axe which he had just made a present of, and ran as quickly as he could to the boat, from which he fired a pistol. Father Frémont was twice thrown down by two strokes of a head-breaker; Prosper being pursued in the same way, escaped death only by jumping into the sea and taking to swimming. As for myself, I had scarcely had time to see the first blow given to his lordship, when, immediately turning about, I perceived two head-breakers lifted up over me; it was time for me to fly: I could, however, at first do so but slowly, and by stepping backwards, in order the better to avoid the blows. But I was soon obliged, seeing the number of assailants who were rushing in upon me, to act with my feet and my hands in more ways than one. At length, God willed it that I should escape out of their hands with only two slight bruises, the one on the head and the other on the leg.

"The boat itself was attacked by fifteen savages, who endeavored to sink it, and let go their hold only at the report of pistol shots. I had no sooner reached it than I looked for his lordship, and not perceiving him, I sprung again upon the shore. I saw him still in the hands of three natives, who were employed, one of them in striking him, and the two others in tearing off his clothes. I flew to his assistance, when another musket shot, fired from the boat, put his assassins to flight.

The body of his lordship was left alone. I threw myself upon it; I had in my arms the body of my bishop, half naked, bathed in his blood, his skull laid open by several wounds, which allowed his brain to be seen, all covered with blood: such was the state in which I found him. I called on him: no answer—no sign. I endeavored to carry him off; on seeing this, the savages hiding in the wood at some paces distant from me, set up a yell of despair. I tried again to load myself with my precious burden, but grief deprived me of all strength; I could drag it along only a few paces: I called out for assistance; nobody came at first; the sailors could not row, they were loading their arms. I called again: F. Frémont and Prosper ran to me; we carried together the body of our first bishop and our first martyr. The savages, enraged no doubt at seeing their victim taken away from them, gave another yell; but his lordship was already placed in the boat on the knees of his three companions. All this frightful scene only lasted for the space of a few minutes. We asked his lordship if he knew us? no answer: if he was in great pain? he let several times escape from him these words: *My God! My God!* and once only: *Ah! how I suffer!* After some strokes of the oar, the sailors and ourselves experienced a violent retching: we felt ourselves to be fainting. I held still on my knees the body of his lordship; his head rested on my breast: the sight of the depth of his wounds, of a bone which fell from his skull into the boat, pierced my heart: Father Frémont and Mr. Blemy alone—that is to say, those who next to the prelate were wounded the most dangerously, preserved a little of their calm of mind. The one endeavored to suggest to his lordship sentiments of confidence in Jesus and Mary; the other at one time urged the sailors to row with vigor, and at another time fired off pistol shots in order to give notice to the ship.

"To tell you the dejection of mind and the grief which we then experienced, would be a thing entirely out of my power.

"Nevertheless, our poor boat, one way with another, approached the ship; it was the ship's carpenter who first, from a distance, perceived our boat coming back; it was not, as yet, eleven o'clock. Being surprised at so quick a return, he apprised our colleagues, who themselves could not imagine to what to attribute it. Alas! they were soon relieved of their doubts: the first words which we let them hear were, '*Lint, lint; we have some wounded!*'

"It was impossible to describe the effect produced in the whole ship: all that was required for dressing wounds was got ready in haste; a mattress and bed clothes were immediately brought upon the deck; the physician hastened up with razor in hand, and the captain said, '*Vengeance on to-morrow!*' His lordship, swimming in his blood, was placed in a chair and lifted up on deck. He was stretched on a mattress: the doctor examined the deepest of his wounds, and declared that nothing could be done with it. A crucifix was placed near our bishop to receive his last sigh; Father Jacquet administered to him the sacrament of extreme unction, while all the other fathers and brothers were shedding tears and reciting prayers.

"The doctor, after having dressed Mr. Blemy's wounds, which he considered to be very dangerous, and, then, that of Father Frémont, whom he did not look upon as being in danger, tried also, in order to satisfy us, to dress his lordship's. In shaving his head, he discovered new wounds; five cuts of an axe or head-breaker in all; three of which had penetrated to the brain, and appeared to him to be mortal; the two most severe had been received on the right side of the head; a third one, also very deep, on the top of the skull; the two others united, and forming a Y a little underneath. In changing his linen, we discovered also two slight stabs of a lance—the one on the right arm, and the other on the left hip—and many contusions besides. His body was

bruised all over; it had also been dragged along the sand, which had torn his nose and eyes. Whereupon, the doctor declared to us that he thought that his lordship had not more than ten hours to live, and that it was time to administer to him the last sacraments, if he had not already received them. His cruel agony was to be of longer duration.

"While we were putting on the first dressing his lordship seemed to suffer more: several times he vomited blood. He also, several times, repeated these words: '*My God, my God, deliver me;*' and on one occasion, '*Defend me.*'

"In the evening of Wednesday, the 17th, we had heard spoken of a plan of an expedition on the morrow, in order to take vengeance. The captain chose to apprise us himself; he made known to us at first, quite simply, that he wished to go and kill a dozen savages, in the tribes which had attacked us. He then read to us a little letter, in which he said, that since we wished to know the object of the expedition which he was planning for the next day, he had the honor to apprise us, that he was sending his people ashore in order to seize on, and put in our power, the murderers of our bishop and of his second in command. He added, that he was forced to take this step by his crew, who refused to go in future ashore, if they were not allowed to take revenge for such a wrong done them. Having been consulted on this business, all the members of the mission were of opinion, that to let it go on would be to consent to bloody acts of reprisal. I therefore immediately informed the captain, verbally, of our sentiments in this respect; and I added, 'it belongs not to us to decide whether it be your duty or not to avenge the wound given to your second officer, and the insult offered to your crew; you ought to know what are your duties as captain. As for our parts, whatever our grief may be at the sight of our dying bishop, it is still calm and Christian enough to make us detest every kind of vengeance.'

"The captain then changed his plan, he wrote another letter, in which, in order to screen us and carry his design into effect nevertheless, he declared to us that, being in want of fresh provisions, he would on the following day send one of his boats to purchase some yams and some taros among the natives. An answer of this kind only half satisfied us with regard to his real intentions; we thought that we ought to be beforehand with him, and at seven o'clock in the morning, at the time when the boat, being fully equipped, was going to start, I handed to the captain the following letter, signed by all the priests:

"*Isabella Island, Astrolabe Harbor, Dec. 18th, 1845, 5 o'clock, A. M.*

"Sir,

"Not being aware of the reasons which induce you to send your boat to the shore where our bishop was mortally wounded, we consider it to be our duty to protest loudly that we do not desire any act of retaliation, such being contrary to the very nature of our mission, which is entirely one of sacrifice and peace.

"We pray you, and in case of need we call on you, to insert this protest in your regular journal.

"Receive, captain, the assurance of our respect,

"Your very humble servants,

(Here follow the signatures.)

"The captain, after having read this letter, answered that the boat would not go, and the sailors at this news began to bring back slowly, and against their will, their guns and cutlasses.

"Let us return to his lordship. On the 19th we observed that his strength was visibly sinking. At eleven o'clock, he several times half opened his eyes: a crucifix was presented to him; he pressed it frequently between his hands. At half-past three he seemed hardly to breathe; Father Frémont requested me to recite the prayer for the soul departing. All the companions of his lordship, on their knees, formed a circle around his bed;

the captain, the doctor, and an officer of the crew, being also present, had their eyes fixed on the prelate, and showed from time to time undoubted marks of grief. I began as well as I could the reciting of the prayers, but several times the sobs interrupted my speech; the feeling of my unworthiness while pronouncing the sublime and affecting words, '*Depart, Christian soul,*' in the presence of my dying bishop—the solemnity of such a circumstance in the eyes of religion and of faith—the effect which the news of this misfortune would produce through the whole Christian world, the members of the Society of Mary, and of the family of his lordship, whom I thought I beheld around his death bed, and mingling their tears with ours; such were, at that time, the thoughts and reflections which rapidly succeeded each other in my soul.

"At a few minutes before four o'clock his lordship heaved a sigh which we thought to be his last; some seconds afterwards he gave another, and departed to receive his bright crown. Each one then gave full vent to his grief; we shed many tears, which on the preceding days had been kept back by some glimmerings of hope; however, it could be observed that our affliction was of a peculiar character; with our sadness was blended some pride at having a martyr for our first bishop.

"Every kind of care had been liberally afforded to his lordship during his illness: we could hardly express all our thanks to our captain and his crew for the numberless comforts which they eagerly bestowed on him. From the thoughtfulness and silence which marked their deportment during the four days preceding his death, one would have said that, like ourselves, they were about losing their father—and I afterwards heard several times common sailors saying: '*He was good, that bishop; he ought not to have fallen into such bad hands.*' This was also what the captain and the doctor of the vessel (who is a Catholic) often repeated to me. This latter, especially, deserves a particular share of our gratitude; he never, for one single moment of the day, failed being close to his lordship's bed, and during the night he slept on the deck, in order to be near at hand to give him his assistance at the first moment of a turn in his sickness.

"Some moments after having closed his lordship's eyes, Father Frémont assembled us in council, in order to decide what steps we were to take with regard to his precious remains. We had all agreed that it would be becoming in us to inter his body as near as possible to the place where he had consummated his sacrifice. As to the hour of his burial, it was fixed for next day at day-break, in order that it should not be observed by the natives. At the very same moment, Father Verguet and I set out with a boat and five sailors, in order to go to choose a lonely place and have a grave dug. The other members of the mission having remained on board, were engaged in clothing his lordship in his pontifical robes. In fine, on that same evening, at my return to the ship, I was appointed to celebrate the burial mass, and Father Jacquet to perform the funeral rites.

"On the 20th (Saturday), every one was up at half-past three o'clock. We succeeded in erecting a modest altar on the deck; some drapery was hung all about it, in order to prevent the light of the tapers from being seen from the shore, and the holy sacrifice was begun at half-past four. This was the first time that I celebrated the holy mysteries in the vicariate of Melanasia. I had, at the distance of two paces from me, and before my eyes, the body of my bishop! He was in the midst of his priests and companions in misfortune, who all enjoyed the consolation of partaking of the holy communion for him. The whole crew, although being Protestant, assisted at this mass; and we may say that they did so with a recollection which would have been worthy of being remarked even among Catholics. There were also two young savages,

who had been taken on board at the time of our passage to New Caledonia, and who seemed to be there in order to represent the people who had just deprived his lordship of life.

"At five o'clock we placed the bier in a boat in the midst of the fathers and brothers: this boat, steered by the first mate, was towed by another, in which were the captain of the ship and the crew. A mournful silence was observed during the whole passage, which occupied nearly forty minutes. At six o'clock we arrived at the bottom of the Astrolabe harbor, and landed on the little island of Saint George, which we had chosen for the place of his burial, because, being uninhabited and remote enough from the other islands, we had nothing to fear for the safety of the precious deposit which we were about to entrust to it. It was there that we interred, almost without any solemnity, the first apostle of Solomon's Islands, and each one, with eyes bedewed with tears, cast over his body some drops of holy water.

"As we were in a country where we had already remarked traces of cannibalism, we had to deprive ourselves of the consolation of raising over the grave of our bishop any religious sign. Before leaving the remains of our father, we again hastily recited some prayers, and withdrew, with our heart full of uneasiness for the future; we could no longer be unaware that we were orphans, and the responsibility of the mission seemed to overwhelm us with all its weight."

The missionary band, after these sad duties, directed their course to St. Christoval's Island, where they bought some land from the natives, who assisted them in raising a house. The place where they settled they called Port St. Mary. Although the savages here are not so ferocious as at Isabella island, they are wicked enough to keep the missionaries in a state of continual distrust and vigilance.

POTOWATOMI MISSION, No. III.

IN A SERIES OF LETTERS FROM THE REV. CHRISTIAN HOECKEN, S. J., MISSIONARY AMONG THE POTOWATOMIS, TO THE EDITORS OF THE MAGAZINE.

Gentlemen:

I HAVE already observed that, when the Indian places himself under the influence of intoxicating drinks, he loses all command of himself. No person, however closely connected with him, is secure at such a time from his violence. It is then that he carries into effect the most deadly projects of revenge. The inclination of the savage tribes for spirituous liquor is very extraordinary. When an Indian once puts to his lips the exhilarating cup, he does not stop until he has plunged into the most beastly indulgence. I have known cases in which the Indian has actually expired in the act of quaffing down the liquor. On one occasion, there was a man who had drank so much, that he was no longer capable of raising the whiskey to his lips; but his companions did it for him—and, while they were pouring it into his mouth, he fell dead upon the spot. I was not far from the place—not more than twenty or thirty yards—and being known as a physician, some Indians immediately came to inform me of the occurrence, and requested

that I should come and raise him to life. Thinking that there might still be life in him, I went with them in great haste, but the unhappy man was dead. This, I imagined, would be the time to seize the remains of the liquor; but in vain did I plead my cause—vain were my remonstrances and arguments—I was forced to leave them in the midst of the liquid fire, which, probably, was about to consume some further victims.

Once, however, forgetting myself, and carrying my life in my hands, I went to a place where I knew the liquor to be; and finding a few men engaged in drinking and prattling together, I boldly inquired for the liquor. They answered me, that there was none. I observed that this was very strange, and that I was very much surprised; also, that I wished to know who had taught them to lie. No reply was made to my remark. I then left them, saying, if they did not know where it was, I would soon find it out, and went in search of the liquor (which they generally hide somewhere in the woods). A few minutes' search disclosed to me the hidden treasure, which consisted of two barrels of whiskey, placed in a deep hole. No sooner had I begun to empty the barrels, than two men were at my side, who pushed me away, in order to stop the current. This did not the least intimidate me; on the contrary, I continued my efforts with renewed energy, in opposition to their vigorous interference—seized hold of the barrel, and kept the torrent going. This mode of operations, owing to their resistance, lasted for a considerable time: I was determined, however, to succeed, and at length I found that the liquor had disappeared. Such was, and is still at the present day, the condition, not of one only, but nearly of every Indian tribe in the frontier country—miserable and deplorable, indeed!

You have, of course, read in the Pentateuch of the distinction between clean and unclean animals; of some that could be sacrificed and eaten, and others that could not. This practice exists among the Indian tribes. Often have I been asked by savages, whether they could eat certain animals which they named to me? We cannot suppose that they learned this distinction from the French, English, Spaniards, or Americans, for I know of no such practice existing among these nations. Various legal purifications, which were observed in the old dispensation, as we read in the book of Leviticus—especially with regard to women who had given birth to children—are observed very strictly among the aborigines of America. For some time they are obliged to live apart from the family, and are not allowed to eat, drink or converse with others. To this practice they very strictly adhere.

It was the practice among the Jews, nearly 500 years before the coming of our Blessed Redeemer, to place wine and bread upon the tomb of the deceased. This is done also among the various Indian tribes, though with a different view; for they are under the impression that the souls of the departed stand in need of such things for going to the other world: hence, whenever any one of them dies, his friends come together and furnish the tomb within with every thing they imagine him to be in need of, to perform his journey to another world, (which they think to be a country, abounding in game and other good things.) They deposit there powder and lead, bows and arrows, guns, rifles, clothing, pipes, tobacco, canes for old men and women to walk with, blankets, moccasins, and frequently, at the request of individuals, horses, on which they place the dead bodies, thinking that, by these means, they will be enabled to ride to the other world.

Such was the lamentable state of the Indians among whom I have lived, when I arrived amongst them, and such is still the actual condition of many tribes—of thousands who inhabit our western forests. You may imagine how deeply I sympathized with these poor creatures, when I discovered their wretchedness;

for where is the human being who would not pity them? A moment's reflection filled me with commiseration, and reminded me that they were creatures of the one true and living God; men similar to myself—made out of the same clay—and endowed with reason. The sight of the crucifix told me that they were as dear to Jesus as myself—and, perhaps, dearer. He paid the same price of redemption for their souls, and has destined them for the same place of rest and happiness. The Scripture every where, on opening it, seemed to call upon me to help and assist them: in one place I read, "go and teach all nations"—"I have chosen you, that you go and bring forth fruit, and that your fruit may remain." In another, "so long as you have done it to one of these, you have done it unto me." And again:—"blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy"—"how beautiful are the feet of those who announce peace, who announce good things"—"he must know that he who causeth a sinner to be converted from the error of his ways, shall save his soul from death, and shall cover a multitude of sins." In recalling these heavenly truths, I offered myself a living holocaust, ready to sacrifice every thing, if necessary, even my life. How could I refuse to do so at the foot of the cross? He who expired on it did not hesitate to do so for my sake; I, therefore, considered myself happy in having an opportunity of serving and showing my love for Jesus Christ. I put the axe at the root of the tree; for I was obliged to work, and work very hard, in building a cabin to reside in. Often was I insulted and called a liar, and I imagined that they had a strong antipathy against the whites; but I did not cease my exertions.

Having acquired some knowledge of their most outlandish and difficult language, I undertook to explain to them the divine tenets of our holy religion; but they did not seem to make any impression on their mind, and, consequently, none upon their heart—which caused me no little sorrow. I trembled at their licentiousness, and their multiplied crimes, and the language which I heard among them. But I must reserve a further account for my next. Yours, &c.

C. Hoecken.

THOUGHTS IN A COUNTRY GRAVEYARD.

For the U. S. Catholic Magazine.

Linger here, O man of sorrow,
Turn not from this silent spot,
Linger in the busy morrow,—
Scenes like this are soon forgot.

Sunbeams stealing out from heaven
Linger here on stone and sod;
Linger then from morn till even—
Stay, for thou art near to God!

Here, amid the silent forest,
Old and hoary trees all gray,
Rest the richest with the poorest,
'Neath the turfted mound of clay.

Mortals vain, bereft of lading,
Lie beneath this marble tomb,
There, the poor, unnotic'd fading,
Resteth from his toil-doom.

Here, the weary broken-hearted
Find from all their woes respite,
And, the links of kindred parted,
Far away in heaven unite.

Here the worldly and ambitious,
Here the wise, the great, the good,
Man most virtuous or most vicious,
Serve alike the worm for food.

Here, all enmity must perish
Fondly nurtured by our pride;
Why should we such follies cherish,
Rest we not here side by side?

Linger here in thoughtful wonder,
See the busy world without
Passing heedless, boist'rous, yonder,
Old and young in merry rout.

See, oh! see, how death is reaping
From the wild, unconscious crowd!
Laughter peeling, wailing, weeping—
E'en the bridal robe's a shroud.

Thus all earthly joys ceasing—
Can'st thou wander on with these?
Stay, and learn of life unceasing
When our portioned time shall cease.

Know, all fleeting is, O mortal,
From the cradle to the grave,
But religion—at whose portal
Breaks life's changing, troubled wave.

She, the one, the never changing,
Stays to guide thee, mortal, where
Thousands o'er her paths once ranging
Find a blissful home fore'er. M. J. B.

INTELLIGENCE.

DOMESTIC.

ARCHDIOCESS OF BALTIMORE.

CIRCULAR OF THE MOST REV. ARCHBISHOP RELATIVE TO THE JUBILEE.

† SAMUEL, *by the Grace of God and the Apostolical See, Archbishop of Baltimore, to the Venerable Clergy and the Laity of the Diocess:*

Our holy Father, Pope Pius IX, has proclaimed a universal jubilee on the occasion of his elevation to the apostolical throne. Deeply impressed with the awful responsibilities of his sublime station, he has never ceased to beseech the Father of Mercies, that he would deign by his power to fortify his feeble strength; and, with the light of his wisdom, enlighten his mind: in order that the apostolical ministry committed to his charge may have a good and prosperous issue for the whole Christian commonwealth. But as that which is a common good should be sought by a common prayer, he has resolved to arouse the piety of all the faithful, that they may thus, by their united supplications, the more earnestly implore the aid of the right hand of the Almighty. Knowing, too, that prayer is more agreeable to God when it comes from a pure heart—a guiltless conscience—he bountifully throws open to the faithful the celestial treasures of indulgences, of which he is the divinely appointed dispenser; in order that, being more pressingly incited to piety and purified from the taint of sin by the sacrament of penance, they may with greater confidence go to the throne of God; that they may obtain mercy and find grace in seasonable aid.

Such, and expressed in nearly the same words, are the reasons assigned by the Sovereign Pontiff, our common father, for announcing to the Christian world a plenary indulgence in the form of a jubilee, and calling his children of every clime to meet him on the Holy Mountain, armed with the spiritual weapons of prayer, penance and charity.

The time within which the indulgence can be gained is limited to three weeks. In this diocess it will commence on the fourth Sunday of Lent, and terminate on Easter Sunday inclusive. In congregations out of the city of Baltimore, pastors are authorized, if in their judgment the good of their flocks require it, to select any other three weeks before Trinity Sunday inclusive.

The conditions prescribed for gaining the Indulgence are: 1st. The worthy reception of the sacraments of Penance and Holy Communion. *(The communion by which the Paschal obligation is fulfilled will not suffice for gaining the Indulgence.)* 2d. to visit twice the three churches designated; or, if this be too inconvenient, to visit one, at least—and there devoutly pray. 3d. To fast on Wednesday, Friday and Saturday of one of the three weeks. 4th. To give alms.

In this city, the churches to be visited are the Cathedral, St. Alphonsus' and St. Vincent de Paul's. † SAMUEL, *Archb. of Baltimore.*

Given at Baltimore on the 8th of March, 1847.

Regulations for Lent in this Diocess.

1. All the faithful who have completed their twenty-first year are, unless legitimately dispensed, bound to observe the Fast of Lent.

2. They are to make only one meal a day, excepting Sundays.

3. The meal allowed on fast-days is not to be taken till about noon.

4. At that meal, if on any day permission should be granted for eating flesh, both flesh and fish are not to be used at the same time.

5. A small refreshment, commonly called *collation*, is allowed in the evening; no general rule as to the quantity of food permitted at this time is or can be made. But the practice of the most regular Christians is, never to let it exceed the fourth part of an ordinary meal.

6. The quality of food allowed at a collation is, in this diocess, bread, butter, cheese, all kinds of fruit, salads, vegetables, and fish, though not warm, but fish previously prepared and grown cold. Milk and eggs are prohibited.

7. General usage has made it lawful to drink in the morning some warm liquid; as tea, coffee, or thin chocolate, made with water, to

which a few drops of milk may be added, serving rather to color the liquids, than to make them substantial food.

8. Necessity and custom have authorized the use of hog's lard, instead of butter, in preparing fish, vegetables, &c. &c. &c.

9. The following persons are exempted from the obligation of fasting: young persons under twenty-one years of age, the sick, pregnant women, or giving suck to infants, those who are obliged to hard labor, all who through weakness cannot fast without great prejudice to their health.

10. By dispensation, the use of flesh-meat will be allowed at any time on Sundays, and once a day only on Mondays, Tuesdays, and Thursdays, with the exception of the first four days, and all Holy Week, including Palm Sunday. SAMUEL, *Archb'p of Baltimore.*

Given at Baltimore on the Feast of St. Ignatius.

Religious Profession.—On the 19th of January, Sister Mary Regina (Donelly) was admitted to the three vows of religion, in the convent of the Visitation, Frederick city, Md. The M. Rev. Archbishop presided at the ceremony.

DIOCESS OF PHILADELPHIA.—*A New College.*—We understand that St. Mary's seminary of Wilmington, Del., under the direction of Rev. P. Reilly, has been elevated to the rank of college. The institution has been incorporated by an act of the legislature of Delaware under the name of "St. Mary's College." The charter confers most ample powers.

Consecration.—The new edifice of St. Peter's, corner of Fifth and Franklin streets, was solemnly consecrated by the Right Rev. the bishop of the diocess, on the 14th of February. The interior of this new church has been arranged and finished in a style far surpassing that of any other in this city. In dimensions also it equals, if not exceeds, any church edifice in these parts.—*C. Herald.*

Ordination.—On Saturday in Ember week, Feb. 27th, Messrs. Thomas Riordan, James O'Kane, Patrick Hannegan, Peter McGrane, and John Loughran, received tonsure and minor orders in the cathedral from the hands of the bishop.—*Ibid.*

DIOCESS OF NEW YORK.—*Progress of Religion.*—The Rt. Rev. Dr. Hughes addressed a recent circular to the clergy and laity of his diocess, which presents some very interesting particulars in regard to the progress of Catholicity. When the bishop assumed the administration of the diocess, in 1839, the number of clergymen was between forty and fifty: there was no ecclesiastical seminary, nor college, nor religious house of education for Catholic youth. A seminary was commenced in the northern part of the diocess, and transferred, in 1841, to Fordham, where a splendid building for the purpose, with a beautiful Gothic chapel, was lately erected for the purpose. The cost of the seminary and chapel was between $37,000 and $38,000. In 1839, what is now St. John's college, was purchased, with its premises. Its cost and support during the first years of its probation, have amounted to about $100,000. It now holds the rank of a university, and is very flourishing. Both the seminary and college are under the charge of fathers of the Society of Jesus. The diocesan collections for these institutions have amounted to about $40,000, to which have been added the receipts from the propagation of the faith, and a part of the private fund for the bishop's support. Since 1839 the congregations of the diocess have more than doubled in number, and become larger: between fifty-five and sixty new churches have been erected; the number of clergymen has been nearly tripled: and several religious houses of education have been established. The bishop calls the attention of the faithful to the necessity of aiding in support of the seminary, and of providing for other wants of the diocess. These are mainly three—a hospital for poor Catholics who are sick, to be placed under the charge of the Sisters of Charity: an orphan asylum for boys, where they may be instructed in the various branches of profitable industry, and at the same time trained to the practice of virtue: and a house of protection for destitute females, to be under the care of the Sisters of Mercy. To these excellent objects of Christian charity, Bishop Hughes solicits, in a forcible manner, the earnest attention of the clergy and laity.

MISSIONS OF TEXAS.—*Early History of the Churches.—Letter II from our Correspondent in Texas.*

SAN ANTONIO DE BEXAR, *December*, 1846.

Messrs. Editors: Before proceeding any further I wish it to be well understood, as I have stated before, that the dates of foundation of these different missions are difficult to ascertain, from the reasons ascribed, and that, in giving those of my previous letter, I followed more what I could gather from traditional accounts than any certain or authentic document.

The city of San Antonio (villa de San Fernando, real presidio de San Antonio de Bexar: in this letter I make no allusion at all to the mission of San Antonio de Valera? I believe, or the Alamo, as it is now called) seems to have been founded in or about the year 1662. Whether by the French missionaries of the northern provinces, or the Spanish monks of the south, I have not, at present, the means of ascertaining. It would seem that the former had had something to do with this mission; but at what period, or in what manner, is uncertain. It was first peopled by seventeen families from the Canary islands, who obtained a grant of certain rights from the crown of Spain. Their first settlement appears to have been at a certain distance from the present city, near the Arroyo Leon (Lion Creek), which would place it at about eight miles from its present position. Annoyed by the continual inroads of the Indians, who carried off horses and cattle from the budding town, the settlers removed to the present spot, on a deep bend of the San Antonio river, which thus afforded them protection on three sides from the depredations of their red-skinned neighbors. They built their houses on the point, and from reason of their origin, the principal square retains the name of Plaza de las Islas. Their houses, built more for defence than convenience, are generally long, low buildings, of only one story in height, with dirt floors, and few openings beside the doors, with flat roofs parapeted—this parapet being pierced by a large number of openings, to allow the water to run off by the long gurgoils or spouts that project all around the wall. The streets are tolerably wide, but not very straight. The city is most admirably situated: nearly surrounded by the deep bend which the San Antonio river makes at this spot, and which protects it to the north, east, and south, it is defended to the westward by the Arroyo San Pedro, a small rapid stream that falls into the river two or three miles below the city. It is intersected in its length by a "cequia," or main canal, that heads at a dam built near the sources of the San Pedro, about a mile above the town. From this, smaller canals are made to irrigate the gardens and lots of the inhabitants. There are laws established for regulating the number of times a month, and of hours a day, each inhabitant may turn these waters into his lot. A similar dam at the head of the San Antonio river, about four miles above the city, irrigates the lands on the eastern bank of the river. As I will frequently have occasion to mention this stream, I may as well give a general idea of it. What it is at San Antonio, such it is at its springs. It starts out of ground a stream, expands into a lake, situated in a most beautiful stretch of bottom land, then rushing over the dam that I mentioned a little higher, runs on at the rate of some five or six miles an hour. Its width averages about 80 or 90 feet—its depth ten; its rise and fall are imperceptible: its waters, slightly calcareous, are very clear; so much so, that I have counted the pebbles on the bottom in a depth of six or seven feet. You occasionally find some very good fords in its length, the depth not being less than three feet at any place that I have ever crossed. It has several beautiful cascades, which, of course, will render navigation impossible; but the nature of its banks afford ample facilities for canalling at a comparatively slight cost. The principal bar, therefore, to the extensive navigation of its waters, will be the suddenness of its bends, which would require boats of very small dimensions. I should have mentioned that its banks, at every point where I have seen the river, are precipitous, and generally well wooded.

San Antonio seems to have been a city of some importance in times past. Its population was then from eight to ten thousand, and the beautiful valley in which it stands, with its lemon hedges and irrigating canals, appeared one vast garden. Now, however, after having struggled through long years of war and devastation, its population has been reduced to about 2,500 or 3,000, the greater portion of whom are, of course, Mexicans; and of the former high state of cultivation of the neighboring valley, enough only remains to make the rest appear more desolate. At present this valley is settling with most astonishing rapidity, and I doubt not but that in a few years it will be equal, if not superior, to what it has once been.

The city contains no remarkable monuments, except the church. Many of the houses, that still show the traces of very elaborate carving, are now so much dilapidated, that it is impossible to form any idea of what they formerly were. The church is built of stone; its exterior is massive and plain. The heavy buttresses—the round arches of the

tower—the dome and polygonal openings—and, finally, the design of the frescoes that once adorned the exterior walls, and which are yet perceptible in a few spots—would class it in the Byzantine style: it has no windows in the lateral walls. The tower, the upper portion of which is octagonal—surmounted by a kind of flattened spire, which, in its turn, is crowned with a small square lantern—is placed on the south side of the church, on a line with its front wall. The interior is cruciform, the extremities of the head and two arms of the cross being portions of octagons. The ceiling is a massive stone vault, at a height of some 35 feet from the ground, the vault being supported and strengthened by heavy cut stone ribs, (semicircular,) that throw the lateral thrust on the outer buttresses. The church is lighted by two small windows in the front wall, and four openings at the foot of the dome, which is placed at the meeting of the nave and transepts. This church has been placed, without any regard to the regular canonical position, so as to face the main square, the altar standing at the western extremity instead of the eastern. It contains, among other remarkable relics of art, some magnificent wood carvings—one of the Saviour at the pillar, natural size; one of the immaculate conception, about 3 feet 6 inches high: the carving is well done, but the position and the drapery are exaggerated; one statue of St. Joseph, and another of St. Anthony of Padua, both very good—their height is about 3 feet. There is also a very finely carved pillar under the pulpit, and a remarkably beautiful door in the sacristy; the carved pannels of the latter are of cedar: it contains many more remarkable wood carvings which we have not time to notice. The baptismal font surpasses any stone work I have seen on this side of the Atlantic. The basin of it consists of four angels, one on each side, supporting cornucopias, whence fruit and flowers are falling to form a splendid garland from one to the other. The whole of this is in very high relief, and the air and light passing all around these figures, and the flowers twining around the pillar that supports this basin, give it a great appearance of richness. Though somewhat mutilated, it possesses yet enough beauty to excite admiration of the lover of arts.

In my next, I shall attempt a description of the famous buildings of the Alamo, now in ruins. Yours, truly, T. E. G.

Diocess of Mobile.—We learn from the Mobile *Herald and Tribune*, that the pupils of the Catholic orphan asylum and free school, at Mobile, at a recent examination, gave great satisfaction, evincing a considerable proficiency in the branches of knowledge which are taught in the institution. We subjoin, from the same paper, the ninth annual report of the asylum:

"In accordance with past custom, and for the information, and, it is hoped, the satisfaction of a generous public, to whom this institution is so much indebted, the managers beg leave to submit the following, being the ninth annual statement of their finances for the year ending the 5th instant:

Dr.	December 5th, 1845.	
To amount then in treasury,....	$	163 35
Proceeds of orphan fair, Jan., '46,		2671 20
Rec'd from Com'rs of Mobile co.,		500 00
Subscrip'n of members during y'r,		199 00
Rec'd from Oregon Circus Co.,...		120 00
Donations fm 2 gent'n $100 each,		200 00
Cash donations received by Sisters of Charity at asylum,.....		676 70
Meat, groceries, dry goods, &c., from sundries,.....		177 17
	$	4707 42
Cr.		
By amount cash current expenses of asylum,.....		3574 25
Meat, groceries, &c., used at the asylum,.....		177 17
	$	3651 42
Cash paid for two lots bought in rear of asylum for its use,.....		932 00
Appropriated for next fair,.....		88 00
Remaining in Treasury,.....		36 00
	$	4707 42

"In the above is not included the expense of water, which, as for many years past, is not charged for by the generous proprietor of the water works; neither is the expense of medical services, which are also rendered gratuitously.

"There have been in the asylum during the year, in all, 123 children, of whom 16 have been placed out as apprentices, 8 withdrawn by relatives, and 2 died—present number 97. The highest number at any time, 105; lowest, 91—average number, say 98."

OBITUARY.

Died on the 29th January, at the convent of St. Mary of the Woods, near Terrehaute, Ia., Sister Mary Liguori, superior of the female academy at Madison, aged 29 years.

The deceased was a native of France, and belonged to the community of Sisters of Providence. Her talents, information, and piety, endeared her to all who were acquainted with her, and rendered her a very useful and effi-

cient member of the society to which she belonged, and which her early death has filled with affliction and mourning.—*Cath. Adv.*

On the 5th February, of bronchitis, at the convent of Gethsemani, Mother Josephine Kelly. Mother Josephine had been for many years general superioress of the Loretto sisterhood; and, during the last years of her life, had superintended the branch establishment of Gethsemani. With a great talent for business she combined the spirit of a true religious, and the mild and amiable manners of the accomplished Christian lady.—*Ibid.*

On Sunday morning, 31st January, at St. Mary's convent, Somerset, Sister Josepha (Lynch), after a painful and protracted illness of nearly two years, which she bore with a degree of fortitude and resignation worthy of a Christian and a religious.—*C. Telegraph.*

On the 14th of February, at Frederick city, Md., Rev. James Lucas, aged about fifty-nine years. Mr. Lucas was born in the city of Rennes, France, and having embraced the ecclesiastical state, he studied theology for some time in his native place, under the Rev. Simon G. Bruté, afterwards the sainted bishop of Vincennes, in this country. He was ordained priest in 1812, and, three years after, he came to the United States. After a short stay at Baltimore, he was sent to Norfolk, where the peace of the church was disturbed by a band of schismatics, who, having control of the church property, employed an unauthorized clergyman to officiate. Mr. Lucas, the duly appointed pastor, rented a room in which he performed divine service, and by degrees he reorganized the Catholic congregation of Norfolk. Such was the state of things, when Dr. Kelly, the first bishop of Richmond, arrived in this country. Mr. Lucas left Norfolk soon after this period, and became pastor of St. Peter's church in Washington city, which he left only to become a member of the Society of Jesus. As a Jesuit missionary, he exercised the holy ministry on the Eastern Shore of Maryland, at Georgetown, D. C., and then at Goshenhoppen in Pennsylvania. In all these stations Mr. Lucas distinguished himself as a pious, zealous and faithful priest, an able preacher, and a skilful catechist. He was particularly remarkable for the attention and assiduity which he gave to the religious instruction of youth, and for the successful manner in which he performed this important duty; and he departed this life with the bright hope of those who, having instructed many unto justice, will shine for ever as the stars of heaven.

February ———, in Charles county, Md., Rev. Walter Moriarty, a native of Ireland, but who for many years was a laborious and efficient missionary in this country: first at Portsmouth, Va., and more recently in Charles county, Md., where he died from the effects of a burn.

FOREIGN.

Italy.—*Rome.*—"Yesterday, Jan. 13th, on the occasion of the festival of kings (*l'Ottavario della Epiphania*), there were, according to custom, services and sermons in all the churches.

"The ceremony at St. Andreas has begun, and the Padre Ventura, the preacher had commenced his sermons, when, lo! the pope was announced. This sudden appearance of the holy father naturally produced a feeling of satisfaction throughout the congregation. The custom is for the preacher, when the pope enters the church, to leave the pulpit and go and receive the orders of the holy father. Pius IX inquired of Father Ventura at what part of his sermon he had arrived! At the second, replied the monk. Very well, father, rejoined the pope, I will finish your task, give me your insignia of preacher. The pope put them on (*les endossa*) and ascended the pulpit to the great amazement of the crowd assembled in that vast church.

"But what was not the general emotion when his voice resounded throughout the sonorous vaults of the edifice; when, in short, with dignity and manly eloquence Pius IX touched upon all the several points of religion, morality, public order; all, in one word, of which a father might dilate to his children. Tears were in every eye, but it was towards the end of the sermon that the general feeling was excited to the utmost pitch, when the holy father, turning to the holy sacrament, implored the blessing of heaven on his subjects."—*Tablet.*

"The solemn ceremony which takes place each year on Sunday within the octave of the Epiphany, in memory of the eastern kings, was observed on the 10th of January, in the church of the Propaganda, by the students who from all parts of the world are collected in that celebrated institution. Compositions in fifty-two different languages were recited by the students, natives of the countries whose tongues they spoke. This wonderful variety of language, of physiognomy, of accent, and even of color, was most curious and interesting. It may be cited as one of the triumphs of the Catholic faith of which it is the work."

Germany.—Czerski, the reformer, is advancing rapidly towards the result of all Protestant innovations in religion, sheer infidelity. Ronge has already reached this term. The pastor at Bale has recently admitted two Israelites as members of his church, *dispensing* with baptism!

"SWITZERLAND.—There are three churches in the canton de Vaud—the state church, the free church, and the church neuter, that is, the indifferent who despise equally the other two. 'Very recently,' reports the *Journal de Bruxelles*, of the 9th inst., 'three men, absurdly disguised, entered a church during the service, stood opposite the pulpit where the minister was, and vehemently hissed him amid the loud applause of the audience. No one attempted to suppress the disorder. In another church, an unknow person took a place opposite the pulpit, and every time the preacher pronounced the name of Jesus, apostrophised him with the name of *liar!* and concluded by crying out when the service closed, 'Thou hast been lying.' In a third temple, where the minister was about to 'administer the sacrament,' the clerk bearing the bread and wine towards the table, was attacked and beaten, and the 'elements' he was carrying thrown down and trod upon. The minister, a witness of the scandal which he could not prevent, burst into tears, and became the object of mirth and laughter to the rioters. Neither the municipal authority nor the police thought it necessary to interfere to protect the decency of divine service or to punish those who disturbed it."—*Tablet.*

"The government of Geneva has restored the Catholic clergy and people to all their civic privileges, and admitted the Catholic church to equal political rights with the Calvinistic. The state supports the clergy of both. A large church, heretofore in the hands of the followers of Calvin, has been transferred by the authorities to the Catholics, whose fast increasing numbers required this additional accommodation. A new paper was announced in Geneva, to be called the 'Eye of the People.' Boxes are to be placed in various parts of the city, wherein the citizens are to place communications for the paper! These communications will be published, no matter what they contain!! There will be many a 'black eye' in Geneva."—*Cath. Telegraph.*

"PRUSSIA.—According to the last census of the Prussian monarchy, there is said to be 15,800,000 souls. Out of this there are reckoned 9,250,000 Protestants of all shades and distinctions; 5,800,000 Catholics; 190,000 Jews; 14,500 Mennonites, and 1,300 Greeks. Thus the Catholic population is more than one-third of the whole sum, which nevertheless does not prevent Prussia from imagining, and as in a late instance calling herself also, an exclusively Protestant monarchy; that is to say, she declares that the state has no real obligation to discharge save to the Protestant church."

ENGLAND.—The Puseyite movement seems to continue with unabated vigor, if we may judge from the following indications.

"*St. Saviour's at Oxford.*—The Romanist party at Oxford have, we hear, set on foot a monthly periodical devoted to the depreciation of the liturgy and communion service of the church of England, and advocating also the restoration of the *monastic* clergy, and their attendance in parish churches throughout the day to receive confessions. Dr. Pusey is a contributor, and the editor is a clergyman of the establishment."—*Foreign paper.*

A correspondent of the *Morning Herald* states that the English at Rome were never known to have such a leaning to Catholicism as during the last season.

IRELAND.—The people of the United States are displaying a noble example of philanthropy in behalf of suffering Ireland, in whose interests they have so many reasons to feel and to exhibit a lively concern. Though the pecuniary aid which is sent from this country can tend but very partially to remove the distressing evils of the Irish people, it must exert a powerful moral influence in awakening a more serious attention to their situation on the part of the British government. We give below an account of measures recently proposed in reference to this subject:

"The British prime minister, in a speech in the house of commons, has proposed a plan for the temporary and permanent relief of Ireland, which, if vigorously and effectually prosecuted, would eventually redeem that fine country from its present degradation. One step in his plan is an advance by the government, of seed for the next crop, to all cultivators too poor to purchase any; another is, a governmental advance of money to landlords to reclaim waste lands; another is, a governmental purchase of such waste lands, and subsequent sale of them in small lots, to create a yeomanry; another is, a governmental purchase by *compulsion*, at a fair valuation, of the waste lands which the present proprietors will neither improve nor sell.

"In the two last features of this plan, especially the fourth, the minister has hit the nail on the head; and as the British legislature is *omnipotent*, bound by no constitutional prohibitions, we cordially hope that it will grant him the necessary power. The grand source of misery in Ireland is landed aristocracy. Hence, while it is almost the most fertile country in Europe, and exceedingly productive, its cultivators, whose labor produces all its crops, live upon nothing better than potatoes, oat meal, and buttermilk, dwell in nothing better than mud cabins, and are clad in nothing better than rags. Ireland exports large quantities of beef, pork, butter, cheese, wool, tallow, mutton, hams, and fine linen. Yet the peasantry who make the butter and cheese, never taste either; who raise the beef and pork, never touch them; and who raise the flax and manufacture the linen, never wear it. Such are the blessings of landed aristocracy, and cultivation by tenantry on *lease*. We hope and trust that this scheme of appropriating waste lands will be extended to

all the overgrown estates on the island, waste or cultivated, till a proprietorship of small farms be established, as in the United States."

"MISSIONS IN TONG KING.—A letter from Macao, written by P. F. Ramon Rodriguez, procureur-general of the Spanish missions in China and at Tong King, gives some consoling details on the missions of the Dominicans, in the latter country. The clergy of the mission counts fifty-nine members, of which ten are Spanish Dominicans, twenty-six native religious, twenty-three secular priests, also natives. In the space of a year, those fifty-nine missionaries have administered the sacrament of baptism to 465 adults and to 10,527 children; the sacrament of penance to 153,360 persons; the holy communion to 139,758 persons, and extreme unction to 3,271 sick persons. They have also blessed 1,533 marriages."—*Pr. Cath.*

SACRED LITERATURE.—In the 17th century, Father Bollandus, of the Society of Jesus, was directed by his superiors to collect all the materials necessary for illustrating the lives of the saints. As he was assisted by many others in this vast undertaking, they were all called *Bollandists*, after him. When he died, in 1665, several volumes of the new work had been published, under the title of *Acta Sanctorum*, embracing the saints for January, February, and a part of March. The work was continued until the suppression of the society, in 1773, when forty-seven volumes folio had appeared, embracing nine months of the year and the beginning of October. In 1779 the series was continued, and in 1794 the fifty-second volume was published. Though interrupted again by the troubles which agitated Europe, the undertaking was not abandoned. An additional volume has just appeared at Brussels, containing the saints of the 15th and 16th of October, and consists of more than 1200 pages. It is embellished with several plates, and enriched with numerous tables of reference. It is said that the Rev. Fathers Vandermoere and Vannecke, who are engaged in the continuation of the *Acta Sanctorum*, are not inferior to their illustrious predecessors in profound learning, critical acumen, and perspicuity of style.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

EMIGRANT PASSENGERS TO THE UNITED STATES.—A report laid before congress, on Wednesday evening, 24th ultimo, gives the number of emigrants that arrived in the United States for the year ending September 30, 1846, as follows: Maine, 5,930; New Hampshire, 25; Massachusetts, 14,079; Rhode Island, 83; New York, 98,863; Pennsylvania, 7,235; Delaware, 6; Maryland, 9,337; Virginia, 82; North Carolina, 3; South Carolina, 408; Louisiana, 22,148; Florida, 90; Texas, 354. Total, 158,648. Males, 90,973; females, 66,778; sex not stated, 897.

MANUFACTURE OF PAPER.—From statistical information presented before congress, it appears that the capital employed in the manufacture of paper in the United States is $18,000,000; the number of mills 700; the annual product $17,000,000; and the number of operatives employed 100,000.

COST OF MOB DOINGS.—A suit against the county of Philadelphia, to recover the value of certain valuable paintings which were injured at the time St. Michael's church was destroyed by the mob in 1844, was recently terminated by a verdict of $1,000 in favor of the plaintiff. The paintings were valued at $3,000.

MAGNETIC TELEGRAPH LINES.—*Number of miles finished and in operation, Jan'ry*, 1847.

	Miles
Washington and Baltimore company, operated by the U. S. government	40
Baltimore and Philadelphia company	97
Philadelphia, Harrisburg and Pittsburg co.	313
Philadelphia and New York company	88
New York and Offing (to Fire Island)	90
New York, Albany, and Buffalo comp'y:	
New York to Albany and Troy	180
Albany to Buffalo	326
Troy and Saratoga company	32
Syracuse and Oswego company	38
Auburn, Ithaca, and Elmira,	75
Buffalo, Lockport, and Lewistown	45
Lewistown, Hamilton, and Toronto	100
New York and Boston comp'y, via New Haven and Springfield	238
Boston and Lowell Company	26
Boston and Portland Company, via Boston and Maine rail road line	109
Total number of miles	1797

SLAVERY.—We translate the following from "La Patria," the Spanish paper published at New Orleans. "In an account of slavery recently published in a Paris magazine, which we have before us, we find the present number of slaves in the western hemisphere to be as follows: in the

Spanish colonies	800,000
French do.	250,000
Holland, Danish, and Swiss do.	100,000
South American republics	400,000
Brazil	3,000,000
United States	3,000,000
	7,550,000

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—The following articles have been received: In PROSE—1, *Historical Notice of the order of our Lady of Charity of the Good Shepherd*; 2, *The Vestiges of Creation*; 3, *Our Martyrs, Nos. 6 and 7*; 4, *The Catholic Church in Ohio, No. 3*; 5, *Italian Society*. POETRY—1, *The Flight of Years*, from the pen of a new contributor, from whom we shall be pleased to hear often; 2, *Past, Present, and Future*; 3, *The Cross*.

LITERARY NOTICES.

The Elder's House, or the Three Converts. New York: E. Dunigan. 18mo. pp. 234.

In announcing this publication last month, we promised a fuller notice of it, with a view to exhibit more particularly its claims upon the attention of the Catholic reader, and also to indicate certain imperfections, which ought not, in our opinion, to be overlooked. The author is plainly gifted with the talent of portraying character, possesses considerable powers of description, writes in a vigorous and graceful style, and, what is more, he wields with admirable skill the weapons of controversial warfare. With these qualifications he was well prepared to produce a work like the one before us, which is a religious novel of the explanatory class, having for its aim to set forth Catholic doctrine and practice in their true light, and thus to remove the prejudices of their adversaries. We cannot give the details of the plot; but in general it is well conceived. The characters, however, who figure in the narrative, are rather numerous for the scope which the writer has allowed himself; and, for this reason, they seem to be too summarily disposed of towards the close, where events succeed each other so rapidly, as to crowd unpleasantly upon the mind of the reader. The following passage is a very good picture of the puritanical elder, Mr. Graham, and of the class to which he belonged. His wife and son having, by some comic circumstance, been thrown into a hearty laugh, the old gentleman sternly observed:

"Your mirth is unseasonable: remember that to-morrow is the Sabbath."

In an instant the lady's smile disappeared, and she grew as cold and prim as if cut from Portland stone. But the son only sighed, as he exclaimed,

"Humph! banyan day already."

His father laid down the letter, and looked at him as if he had just uttered high treason. But the mother asked,

"Why, Richard, what do you mean?"

"Dear mother!" he answered, still half laughing, "it really seems to me that your translation of 'Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy,' means, 'Sit still, and look sour from sunrise to sunset; go twice to church, and have roast beef for dinner.' I'm sure I've dined here every Sunday for twenty-two or three years, and I never saw any thing else. Is it wicked to cook on Sunday, father?"

"'The eye that mocketh at his father,'" said his parent, severely, "'or despises to obey his mother, the ravens of the valley shall pick it out, and the young eagles shall eat it.'"

"Dear father," said the son, growing serious, "I wish that you would not apply those stern Scripture texts to a use that they cannot be intended for. I did not dream either of mocking you, or of being at all disrespectful to my mother. But when your religious ideas are uppermost, you are the harshest parent I ever met with."

Now, in the hard rock of that old man's heart, there was a well of great softness, and his son could stir its waters when none other could.

"Dick," he said, laying his hand upon his shoulder, "I did not mean to be harsh to you; but you treat holy things lightly. Forgive me if I hurt you, and do not speak so flippantly again."

"I did not intend to do so, sir; but consider whether it be possible for any one to love Sunday—"

"*Sabbath*, if you please, my son; we do not use heathen titles for that holy day."

"Well, sir, who could love the Sabbath, when kept with austere and repulsive severity, as we keep it?"

"The fourth commandment, my son, must answer those objections; if you choose to arraign the wisdom of the Bible, I cannot prevent you."

"But, sir, that precept of the decalogue does not command"—(cold roast beef for dinner)—he thought; but he *said*, "such unbending rigidity: and it says, sir, that the *seventh* day is the Sabbath."

"That," said the other, "is the Jewish Sabbath."

"Who changed it, sir, to the first day of the week?"

"The Bible," answered his father.

"Where, sir?" asked Dick. But to this question there was no answer; but at length, with an angry look, the old man replied—

"Your father and mother have lived by this rule; and have so taught you; if you despise their instructions and authority, and deem yourself so much wiser than your seniors, you must do so. If you will be an infidel, I cannot help it."

Just such an answer had closed every reli-

gious argument, and the young man, baffled when he sought knowledge, receiving reproof when he needed instruction, "a stone when he asked for bread," was, indeed, nigh to infidelity.

The elder always meets with his match on points of controversy; for Protestantism can never sustain itself against truth. Norman Ruthven and his sister were relatives of Mr. Graham, and after the death of their pious Catholic mother, went to live in his family—and on Friday, observed the abstinence commanded by the church.

"More popery," muttered Mr. Graham, when he first heard of it; and in the evening he asked Norman the reason of his abstinence.

"Mine, sir, is because the church requires it."

"Ay, 'forbidding to marry and commanding to abstain from meats;' and another Scripture says, 'Your fastings are an abomination to me.'"

"You should never quote half a text of holy Scripture, sir; and the latter half of the one you have just mentioned, would militate against your only holyday; it is, 'Your new moons and your *Sabbaths* my soul hates.' But, sir, for a text on fasting I would recommend you to the sixty-eighth psalm: 'The reproaches of them that reproached thee are fallen upon me. I wept, and covered my soul in fasting, and it was made a reproach to me. I made haircloth my garment, and I became a byword to them. They that sat in the gate spoke against me, and they that drank wine made me their song.'"

Mr. Graham winced a little beneath these verses; but was still more astonished at the "papist's" scriptural knowledge.

"You break one law of your spiritual enslavers, at any rate," he said to Norman.

"What law, sir?"

"The law which forbids you to read the Bible."

"I never heard of its existence before, sir. There are some six different editions of the English Bible printed by Catholics in this city alone."

"Yes, altered from the Bible, to destroy men's souls."

"As to whether yours or ours be the more correct translation, sir, more learned men than either you or I must settle. If you can prove any errors in the Douay version, however, I am open to conviction, and will adopt your amendments. If you cannot prove these, it is scarcely wise to assert so flatly that they exist."

"I cannot read the originals, nephew. I am content with my mother tongue, and wish to be thought no wiser than my fathers. It served them—it can serve me. We at least are free to read it."

"You can doubtless point out the place of that law which forbids us to read the Scriptures?"

"No; I am content to know that it does exist."

Norman grew rather impatient. "Uncle," he said, "there is no such law; we are as free to study GOD's holy word as you are; nay more, we are commanded so to do. The law that *does* exist, and which was made by the holy and œcumenical council of Trent, I would recommend to your meditation: 'In order to restrain petulant geniuses, the church enjoins that no one depending on his own prudence in matters of faith and morals, pertaining to the edification of Christian doctrine, twisting the sacred Scriptures to their own senses, in opposition to the church and all the fathers, shall dare to interpret it.' This is the law of our church, sir, and a wise one."

These extracts, with the remarks we have made, are quite sufficient to show that the work under consideration possesses great merit, and we recommend it as one of the best publications of its kind. We have said, however, that it is not free from faults, and to those we feel bound to allude as briefly as possible. Some of the descriptions appear to us *outrés*, as on page 78, &c., and page 185. The scene between Norman Ruthven and Edith Gray, page 78, &c., is of that kind, we think, which ought to be either totally excluded from religious and all other novels, or presented with such restraints as will render them unobjectionable in the eyes of Catholic morality. On pages 109–110, the project of a conventual life on the part of Miss Ruthven, is introduced in a way, which seems to us rather conformable to Protestant misconceptions of religious seclusion, than consistent with the sublime impulses which a true vocation to this holy state supposes. Religious retirement should be based chiefly upon motives of personal sanctification, and not upon a desire to escape the trials and disappointments of secular life. It is true, an enlightened Catholic, in reading the whole passage, would not perhaps find it at variance with a sound view of this subject; but the manner in which it is introduced appears to us calculated to produce an erroneous impression upon those who are not so well informed. But these imperfections do not prevent the *Elder's House* from being a most interesting spot, and a school in which the Catholic as well as the Protestant may gather a vast deal of solid instruction.

The Little Garden of Roses and Valley of Lilies. By Thomas A Kempis. Baltimore: John Murphy. 32mo. pp. 295.

This little volume is one of the most beautifully printed, and the most generally useful,

among the Catholic books that have been published in this country. It is from the pen of an author who was deeply imbued with the spirit of God, and whose lessons cannot fail to be an effectual safeguard against the dangers and temptations of the world. Whoever enters with proper dispositions this spiritual garden, or wanders along the quiet vale to which the author of this little book invites him, must necessarily imbibe the rich and delightful fragrance of those heavenly virtues, which form the excellence and perfection of the Christian character.

The late Conversions to the Catholic Church: being a reply to recent statements of Bishop De Lancey. Philadelphia: M. Fithian. 18mo. pp. 52.

Bishop De Lancey, of the western district of New York, having undertaken to console his Episcopalian brethren, in regard to the losses sustained by their church in England and America, imagined that this great religious revolution could be made out something very insignificant, by stating that most of those who had passed from the Episcopal to the Catholic church, were brought up among the Evangelical sects, and were young men, inexperienced and of immature minds. The author of the pamphlet before us has exposed, in a glaring light, and with great ability, the misrepresentations and sophistical reasonings of the bishop. He has completely demolished the arguments on which the bishop had sought a resting-place, and turned them altogether against the cause of Episcopalianism. We regret, however, that he has mingled with his solid reasoning an occasional harshness of expression, which, far from being demanded in the defence of truth, tends rather to weaken it, and to deter many from the perusal of what they would otherwise read.

The Bible Question Fairly Tested. Baltimore: John Murphy. 18mo.

In this handsomely executed volume the reader will find three valuable works, which would be sufficient of themselves, if duly considered, to unmask the errors of Protestantism, and to establish the necessity of a living and divinely constituted authority for the guidance of men in the way of salvation. The first is a treatise of Fenelon on the use of the Bible; the second, a pastoral letter of the archbishop of Tours on the authority of the church; and the third, an exposition of the evidences which Protestant writers themselves, purticularly the German, have furnished in favor of Catholicity. Every Catholic family should possess a copy of this work.

Lynch's Catholic Pictorial Primer. Philadelphia: T. Lynch.

As a means of encouraging children to learn the first elements of English, this publication will be found very useful.

Instructions on the Jubilee, and Prayers to be said in the Station Churches, &c. Baltimore: John Murphy. 32mo. pp. 27.

This little book contains the circular of the Most Rev. Archbishop Eccleston in relation to the jubilee, an explanation of the jubilee itself, and a collection of prayers that will be found very serviceable to those who avail themselves of this period of spiritual blessings.

Catalogue of Books. Baltimore: John Murphy.

Mr. Murphy has handed us a catalogue of his publications, including also all the Catholic works which have been issued from the press in this country. The extensive assortment, and great variety which is here offered to the public, within so limited a space, will enable a person to select almost at a glance any work that he may desire. In addition to his usual stock, Mr. Murphy has just received an invoice of books from Ireland, embracing a great variety.

Evidences of Catholicity, being the substance of a Course of Lectures, delivered by M. J. Spalding, D. D.

We are pleased to learn, from an announcement in the *Catholic Advocate*, that this work of Dr. Spalding is in press, and will appear in about six weeks. See advertisement.

Composed expressly for the U. S. Catholic Magazine.

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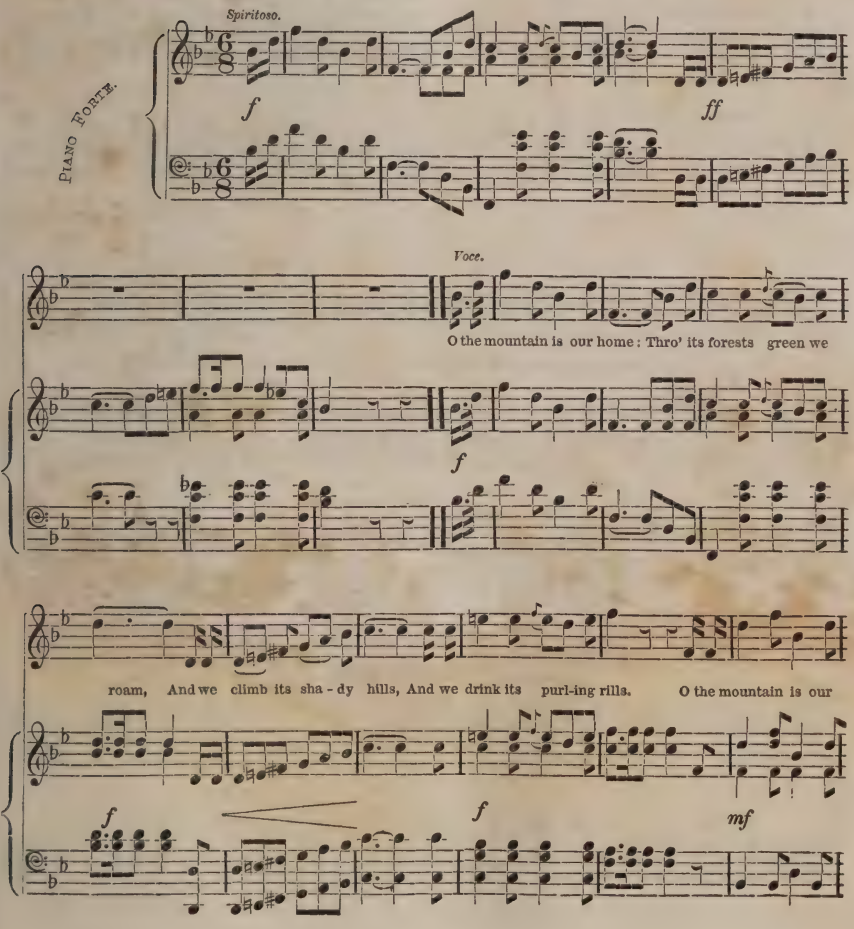

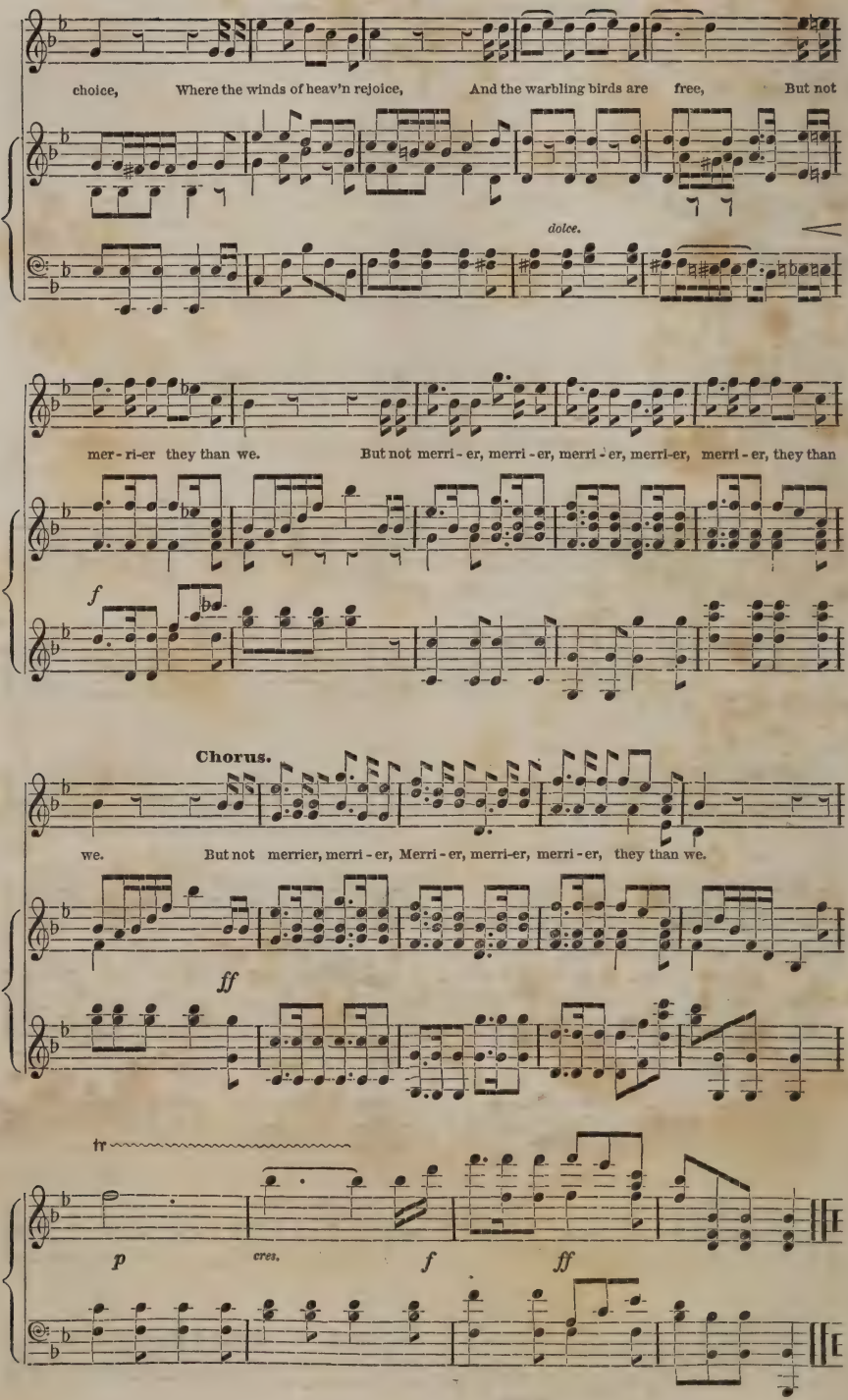
choice, Where the winds of heav'n rejoice, And the warbling birds are free, But not
dolce.
mer-ri-er they than we. But not merri-er, merri-er, merri-er, merri-er, merri-er, they than
f
Chorus.
we. But not merrier, merri-er, Merri-er, merri-er, merri-er, they than we.
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These Portraits are taken from very ancient originals, and are no doubt true likenesses of St Ignatius and the first nine

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